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ITALY.

THE last act of the Italian drama will possibly be the longest. In default of foreign interference, it would be easy to deal with the Papal mercenaries, even if they were reinforced by the foreign regiments in the Neapolitan service. Unfortunately, the city of Rome is guaranteed from hostility, and it is doubtful whether Austria may not anticipate the blow which will soon be dealt against her Venetian possessions. GARIBALDI has entered Naples without an opportunity of defeating the Royal army; and if he were still about to pursue his enterprise alone, all his resources would be required to take Capua and Gaeta under the eye of LAMORICIERE. The conduct, however, of the national struggle will now be transferred to the Sardinian Government. The wonderful success of the DICTATOR has brought the greater part of Italy under a single sceptre, and it is impossible to allow the Kingdom to be cut in two by the intervening States of the Church. During the last year, all the influence of Piedmont has been employed to restrain the enthusiasm of the POPE's subjects for emancipation and union with the Italian Kingdom. The pressure has now been withdrawn, and consequently, whole districts and towns are in arms to assert their share in the rights of their countrymen. The Government of Turin, when it determined on closing the provisional condition of Italy, forwarded to Cardinal ANTONELLI the singular request that the mercenary troops, in the service of the POPE, should be disbanded. The expected refusal would have served as a pretext for a declaration of war, but it seems that a direct defiance was at last thought more advisable.

If the French and Austrians remain tranquil, it will be impossible for LAMORICIERE to hold his ground against the overwhelming numbers with which he will have now to cope. It cannot be denied that international usages are rudely infringed by many recent proceedings in Italy; but law and morality are based on the equal rights of individual or collective units, and when arbitrarily constituted States are rushing together to form a nation, it is idle for those who conduct the movement to recognise the separate autonomies which it is their special business to efface. In England, at least, where the substantial justice of the Italian enterprise is recognised, it is idle to criticise too narrowly the consistent pursuit of a worthy and noble object. VICTOR EMMANUEL is the natural protector of Umbria and Ancona against the foreign hordes which the Romish priesthood has recruited in every part of Europe, and the immediate pretext of an inevitable war is of secondary importance. The share of the Piedmontese Government in the enterprise of GARIBALDI may be vindicated on similar grounds. It was essential that the Sicilian insurgents should not be crushed without assistance; and yet a declaration of war against Naples might, at that time, have defeated the entire purpose of Count CAVOUR's policy, by dividing Italy into two hostile camps. As the Italians themselves are more than satisfied, while foreigners have no injury to complain of, it is unnecessary to inquire whether the POPE and the King of NAPLES are, in some degree, personally aggrieved.

The proclamation of VICTOR EMMANUEL to the Sardinian army is one of the most singular documents which has ever been issued by a Government. There is a confused sincerity and illogical earnestness in its terms which would almost suggest the suspicion that the KING has for once taken the pen out of the hand of his Minister. VICTOR EMMANUEL is, it seems, about to free the States of the Church from the bands of foreign adventurers which infest them; and he also feels it his duty to prevent the popular hatred from unloosing itself against the oppressors of the country. Thus, combining justice with mercy, the Piedmontese army will give a lesson of "forgiveness of injuries and Christian tolerance" to no less august a disciple than the POPE himself. "The

"man who compared love of the Italian fatherland to "Islamism" will no doubt be grateful for the considerate thoughtfulness of an excommunicated but pious KING. Central Italy is to be relieved from "one continual cause of "trouble and discord," a phrase which requires explanation, as VICTOR EMMANUEL intends to respect the seat of the Chief of the Church. He even resolves to confer on the POPE "guarantees of independence and security which his misguided "advisers have in vain hoped to obtain for him from the "fanaticism of the wicked sect which conspires against "my authority and against the liberties of the nation." The charge of conspiring against Sardinian authority in the Roman States appears to be not a little premature; and, on the whole, it is to be regretted that so important a manifesto was not drawn up with a more careful regard to diplomatic decorum. Exceptional acts, even when they are rightful in themselves, ought to be brought as nearly as possible within the rules which they partially transgress. The real motives of Sardinian interference are sufficiently well known, and it was unnecessary to challenge criticism, and to provoke opposition, by reference to causes of offence which could in themselves have furnished no legitimate ground for hostile measures. It would, perhaps, have been more prudent to refer to the sentence of excommunication which was launched against the KING and Government of Piedmont on professedly political grounds. If the Proclamation had been delayed for a few hours, the alleged excesses of the Roman army at Fossombrone would have furnished an excuse, as it has supplied an occasion, for the actual passage of the frontier. General CIALDINI, having taken the garrison of Pesaro, and entered Fano and Urbino, will probably occupy the northern provinces without resistance; for it is highly improbable that LAMORICIERE will meet the Royal army in the field with the knowledge that GARIBALDI will instantly advance across the Vulturis and the Liris.

Future experience will show whether the rapid occupation of the Neapolitan territory furnishes the best security for permanent liberation. It is perhaps an advantage that provincial vanity, instead of brooding over the memory of defeat, will easily persuade itself that the advance of GARIBALDI was chiefly attributable to the local insurrections. The KING's troops are, in a great measure, disbanded, and the residue will identify themselves with the triumphant cause. The Royalist bands, which had begun a system of pillage in the interior of the kingdom, have probably by this time hoisted the Sardinian flag, in proof of their devotion to Italian freedom. The avoidance of feuds is, perhaps, in some degree counterbalanced by the necessarily incomplete nature of a revolution which took all parties by surprise. The liberating General has had no opportunity of testing either his own strength or the loyalty of his new and eager adherents. In any further operations his reliance must still be placed on the comrades of his Sicilian campaign, and more especially on the veterans of the Alps and the volunteers from Northern Italy. His movements, however, must henceforth be arranged with the chiefs of the Sardinian army; and, until the combatants on either side are definitely arrayed in the field, it is impossible to calculate the chances of a struggle which may be terminated in a week or prolonged into a European war. If Austria interferes for the protection of the POPE, KOSSUTH will be let loose upon Hungary, and a revolutionary conflict might probably revive the Holy Alliance and interrupt the progress of Germany towards internal unity. It is the interest of all Europe to adopt the English policy of leaving Italy to settle its own affairs; but, in the midst of irritation and novelty, it is impossible to count on the forbearance of Austria or to rely on the moderation of France. Already the French EMPEROR has withdrawn his Ambassador from Turin; General GOYON, a zealous adherent of the POPE, has

been restored to the command of the French garrison at Rome; several Ambassadors have followed the King of NAPLES to Gaeta; and Russia is shaking hands with Austria in a common dread of revolution.

Italy, and more especially Naples, has now an unparalleled opportunity of regeneration. Twenty-six millions of free-men cannot be subjugated except through their own unworthiness; and it would be no extraordinary exertion if the united Peninsula were, till the entire achievement of its independence, to maintain an army of three hundred thousand men, and a fleet which would take rank after the naval forces of England, of France, and of Russia. It is a great advantage that the liberation of Southern Italy has been effected in the name of an established and constitutional Power. The laws of Naples are not widely different from those which prevail in the North, and it is for those who direct the movement to see that they are henceforth observed. It is a strange, but fortunate circumstance that neither civil war nor Papal excommunication has hitherto added religious schism to the elements of dissension. The priests in Sicily and elsewhere have devised formulas which reconcile their orthodox obedience with their civil loyalty, and their brethren in Naples seem to have perceived that it was a sacred duty to abandon in its fall the dynasty which their counsels had involved in ruin. General GARIBALDI will probably be too wise to trouble himself with a sacrilegious inquiry into the chemical conditions of San GENNARO'S annual miracle. The seat of similar prodigies is in the popular mind rather than in any magic vial, and if the worthy Saint is willing to take up with the national cause, it will be far more desirable to profit by his assistance than to expose his latent weaknesses. For the present, all Italy, with the exception of Venetia and of the immediate patrimony of St. PETER, is in the hands of a united nation. The ulterior consolidation of the kingdom will require all the virtue which is to be found in the people, as well as the exercise of the highest wisdom of statesmen.

THE IMPERIAL PROGRESS.

THE French official who told the EMPEROR that it was to be regretted, for the sake of the harvest, that he had not come a fortnight earlier, condensed into one brilliant sentence the spirit of all the addresses which have been presented during the Imperial progress. It is needless to criticise the rest. They are all laboured attempts to do, in a series of monkeyish paragraphs, that which the genius of the gifted individual has done by one happy stroke. If these are not the depths of human degradation, where are the depths of human degradation to be found? This is the sort of exhibition that brings people to their senses. You may frame for yourself theories of an enlightened despotism, if you can only clear your heart of the spirit of a man and your head of the lessons of experience. Theories of enlightened despotism were framed in abundance before the accession of the First NAPOLEON, and it was incontestably proved, then as now, that the new and improved tyranny could not possibly be tyrannical, and especially that it would never waste the blood and money of a people in unjustifiable wars. Fine reasons for abandoning arduous efforts and betraying the interests of posterity are never very difficult to invent. No doubt the Israelites convinced themselves in the clearest manner, that common sense, and duty itself, if rightly understood, required them to return to the flesh-pots of Egypt. But foul and grovelling adulation is a thing for which it is not very easy to make a good theoretic defence. It appeals to the sense like the taste of a bad egg or the odour of a fetid drain. We should like to see one of our Imperialist contemporaries deal with this phenomenon. It would be a task worthy of their ingenuity. There are a few Englishmen, or, at least, there were a short time since, ready to recognise the supremacy of France as the moral head of European civilization, and to turn the world into a kind of galvanized Roman Empire, with Paris for the centre instead of Rome. Is this the sort of moral perfection to which the ascendancy of French intellect is to bring man? In seriousness, here is a lesson which ought not to be read in vain. It is the duty of the whole world, not from rivalry, but in the general interest of humanity, when a nation is so utterly fallen, to keep its influence strictly within bounds, and to prevent its moral degradation from being propagated by its aggressive arms. Wherever the armies of France meet those of a free people, or even of a less demoralizing despotism, there is a Thermopylae. Fortunately, it is the tendency of Persian institutions ulti-

mately to reduce even the military spirit of a nation to a level with that of the hosts of XERXES.

The image of the Roman Empire naturally rises in every mind at the spectacle of this self-abasement. The comparison is deeply true. The sycophancy of the French Empire, like that of the Roman, differs widely from the coarse and primitive adulation of the East. To the Oriental, a despotic Government is as absolute a necessity as a leader to a herd of animals; and the fawning of the subject upon his Sultan or Emperor is a function of his political nature which excites comparatively little disgust. Who is revolted when the title of Brother of the Sun and Moon is given by prostrate mandarins to the Emperor of CHINA? These slaves have never known what it is to be free. The Roman had known freedom. The Frenchman has known it in a still higher degree. The Roman in some measure, the Frenchman in a greater measure, had seen the majesty of European law before sinking into an Oriental subjection to arbitrary will. The abasement of the Roman, therefore, was greater and more revolting than that of the Oriental; that of the Frenchman is greater and more revolting than that of the Roman. The servility of the apostate goes deeper into the heart and expresses itself in ranker flattery. He is not only fawning on despotism, but trampling vindictively on the liberty of which he has proved himself unworthy, and which has therefore deserted him. It is in politics as it is in religion. The hatred of religious freedom, the prostration of the soul before authority is faint and imperfect in the old Roman Catholic; it is in the convert that it reaches the full pitch of delirious exaltation. The Roman despotism was at least as much disguised under the forms of liberty, and offered in that respect at least as much excuse for apostates from liberty, as the French. There are some in whose eyes sycophancy ceases to be sycophancy if it is offered to an usurper, not to an hereditary king. The ukase called the French Constitution pronounces that the French despotism is hereditary; and the EMPEROR, with divine authority over the future, promises that under "his dynasty" France shall never degenerate. The Roman despotism was not, in theory, hereditary. Some homage was necessary to Roman self-respect even in its decline. The eunuchs of the Imperial palace alone could have been induced to say—though no Roman Emperor in his sound mind would have permitted them to say—that the infant son of the despot was "our sole hope for the future."

There is another element of repulsiveness in French servility which is wanting in the Oriental, and was wanting in the Roman. The prostration of the Roman Catholic Church at the feet of immoral power is, we apprehend, quite without a parallel in the annals of the world. Time was when the Roman Catholic Church, if it was not true, was at least august—when it aspired to stand by itself as an independent spiritual Empire, when it founded its throne upon the basis of moral allegiance, when it treated the Powers of the world as its liegemen not as its protectors, and proudly contrasted its own Divine origin with the origin of temporal dynasties, the offspring of violence and fraud. These lofty pretensions, indeed, have long since been buried in the grave of HILDEBRAND. From the time of the Reformation, the enfeebled and endangered Church of the Middle Ages has been compelled to cast herself upon the protection of the great Catholic monarchies, and, as the price of that protection, to become their political tool. She has consented to anoint their tyranny with the oil of her benediction, provided they would use the sword and the rack to preserve her from the fell approach of truth. It was humiliating and fatal to her as a spiritual Power. Yet it was not the lowest depth of humiliation. CHARLES V., PHILIP II., FERDINAND II., CHARLES IX., were at least sincere Catholics; and the Church might assert with some truth that, in employing their assistance, she was employing the assistance of her true sons. But now, in the last agony of her dissolution, she stoops to drink a cup of fouler shame. It is at the feet of Atheism that she now casts herself, imploring it to use her as the tool of its ambition, and promising in return her devoted, her abject service. The sycophant Bishops of France and Savoy know right well that "the eldest son of the Church," the "heir of CHARLEMAGNE," the POPE'S "dear son in JESUS," laughs in his sleeve whenever, for the purposes of his policy, he professes devotion to the head of the Church, whenever he talks of Christianity, whenever he talks of God. They know right well that, when M. DE PERSIGNY bows in public adoration to the VIRGIN, he would just as soon be bowing to an Indian idol or an African fetish. That Power which once affected to soar above all national interests and prejudices, to be the arbitress

and peace-maker of all nations, the Church not of one country but of all, now miserably struggles to win back the world, whose spiritual allegiance she has lost, by enlisting in her cause, and pampering with her unctuous flattery the military vanity of the most irreligious of nations. The VIRGIN becomes "Our Lady of the Victories" of France. The favour of the EMPEROR is solicited by a Bishop for his patron saint, FRANÇOIS DE SALES, on the ground that the heart of that holy man was "so sweet and so French." A Saint of the Church claims the patronage of the "gloomy sporting man," as having been an early friend to French annexation. A Roman augur or flamen prostituted what he could, but he had no Christianity to prostitute. And the ecclesiastics that do these things wipe their mouths and charge the Church of England with being Erastian! They would have been too happy to canonize GEORGE IV., if he would have turned a mock Papist. The BOURBONS themselves do not die more ignobly than the Church which once was Christendom.

The Roman Empire was not without men whose morality refused to accept the verdict of success, and who, persecuted, decimated, excluded from public life, cherished in their privacy the traditions of a nobler age, and sought an indemnity for the loss of political action in the cultivation of the Stoic philosophy and the improvement of the Roman law. In this happier respect, also, the French Empire has hitherto presented a parallel to the Roman. The men who were illustrious as statesmen and publicists under the constitutional monarchy, have hitherto stood aloof from the contamination of the sensualist despotism, and steadily resisted all the allurements and blandishments of a Government anxious to give itself a colour of respectability in the eyes of a nation which but yesterday was free. These men have even, like their Roman prototypes, grown greater and purer in their adversity than they were in their prosperous hour. But an unexpected and deplorable desertion from their ranks has just occurred. The speech which announces the apostasy of M. MICHEL CHEVALIER will cause a pang to all the most generous hearts in France. He falls, it is true, under the influence of no vulgar motive. Lucre he would have spurned; and he has probably a soul above those bribes to personal vanity which despots call honours. He is seduced by the sun of Imperial favour shining, not on himself, but on his favourite principle of Free-trade. In the intoxication of his feelings, it did not occur to him that the liberty of opinion, by which all great principles are discovered and recognised, and through which they make their way, is far more precious than the artificial triumph of any one of them. It did not occur to him that truth of any kind is dishonoured, and that its cause is not advanced but injured, when it condescends to owe its ascendancy to any power but its own. He has convinced an EMPEROR, and everything else is forgotten. We may well pardon his weakness of head for the sake of his truly benevolent heart. And yet, is it certain that he has convinced an EMPEROR? In the address of the Council-General of the Haute Saône, we read, "Your MAJESTY has affirmed" by new means the ancient commercial policy of France, "and proclaimed by facts, that if you desired that our policy" should be *prudently progressive*, you desired also that it "should remain *really, steadily protective*." The italics are those of the Council themselves. Was this address seen and approved by authority before it was delivered? If so, poor M. MICHEL CHEVALIER!

MR. JAMES WILSON.

MR. WILSON'S unexpected death will cause general regret. Even the opponents of his Indian policy will allow, that the new financial arrangements would have been most advantageously carried out by their responsible author. The difficulty of governing India is seriously increased by the uncertainty of life, which has, within two or three weeks, been illustrated in the case of two of the highest functionaries, both of whom had been selected for their special qualifications. The members of the local Service would be the first to admit, that it is impossible to find in their ranks the minute and practical knowledge of currency, of finance, and of commerce which Mr. WILSON had acquired by natural aptitude, by laborious study, and by long official experience at home. No contemporary public servant had risen more exclusively by solid merit in the absence of showy or brilliant qualities. Mr. WILSON first attained distinction as the originator and principal writer of the *Economist*, a journal which has always been regarded as an authority on

the subjects to which it has been principally devoted. His knowledge of principles, of mercantile practices, and of statistical details, gave weight to his opinions when he obtained a seat in Parliament, and procured him early admission to office. As Secretary of the Treasury, Mr. WILSON had the opportunity of making himself useful to the State, and of completing his financial education. On the subject of currency, he differed from his own colleagues and from the soundest economists, and some anxiety was afterwards felt as to the system of paper circulation which he was about to introduce into India. In England, he had fortunately no opportunity of giving effect to his questionable views, and his general theories of economy were the same as those which have been commonly accepted in English opinion and legislation. Too familiar with details to become a theoretical purist or fanatic, he was always ready to defend in Parliament the doctrines which he had long been accustomed to advocate as a public writer. When he was selected, in the course of last year, as financial member of the Council of India, the choice of the Government received general approbation. Doubts of his prudence were at one time suggested by unnecessary speeches which he delivered, in various places, on the eve of his departure; but, from the moment of his arrival at the scene of his labours, he abandoned all concern for English popularity, devoting himself exclusively to the paramount object of restoring the financial solvency and credit of the Supreme Government.

The vigorous measures which he suggested and initiated must ultimately be judged by their success. It is not impossible that Mr. WILSON may have underrated the political difficulties of Indian taxation; but as Sir BARTLE FRERE observed, no risk could be so great as that of a constant and increasing excess of outlay over income. All evidence and probability are opposed to the assertion that the indispensable balance could be attained by a mere reduction of expenditure. Three years after the great military revolt, it is too early to trust to the loyalty or to the weakness of native malcontents. English and Sikh troops suppressed the rebellion which would never have broken out if the European regiments on the east of the Sutlej had not been reduced to the mere skeleton of an army. It may be possible hereafter gradually to dispense with a portion of the force which has lately been thought necessary for the maintenance of order; but the experiment must be tried on independent grounds, and not on the irrelevant pretext that it is impossible to maintain the existing establishment out of the actual revenue. A State which cannot afford the cost of its own security is destined rapidly to merge itself in some new political organization. It is certain that considerable sources of increased revenue may be found in India, and some, at least, of the wealthier natives comprehend the expediency of paying a reasonable premium for the insurance of tranquillity.

The Income-tax was fortunately not imposed by Mr. WILSON'S sole authority. The GOVERNOR-GENERAL, himself an experienced man of business, the local Secretaries, and the Legislative Council have made themselves jointly responsible for a measure which has also received official approval at home. The commencement of the collection has hitherto met with no obstruction, and it would seem that no fear of resistance or general evasion is entertained at Calcutta. If the experiment is successful, the satisfactory result will justify the determination of the Government to send out an English administrator for the purpose of dealing with the financial crisis. Even if a Civil servant could have been found in India with equal experience and knowledge, it might still have been difficult to obtain the assent of the Government and of the Councils to large innovations in taxation. The acknowledged representative of the English Treasury exercised an undeniable authority in addition to the influence which he derived from his personal character and reputation. Even the Anglo-Indian press was partially disarmed by the knowledge that Mr. WILSON'S sweeping plans would be approved and supported at home. It would have been useless to prove, as in the case of some helpless commissioner or collector, that the financial member of the Supreme Council was corrupt, incapable, prejudiced, stupid, and ignorant. Even after the untoward proceedings at Madras, the local papers hesitated to prophesy rebellion as the inevitable consequence of a policy which they had themselves in the first instance advocated.

The indirect taxes which Mr. WILSON, at the same time, proposed are open to strong objections, and it must be assumed that he was only induced to infringe on his own favourite doctrines by a strong conviction of the necessity of

raising a revenue. Some of the new Customs imposts will operate as protective duties, and if it is true that artificial manufacturing speculations have been stimulated by the tariff, it is difficult to understand how the system can be maintained. Before he left England, Mr. WILSON, with doubtful prudence, announced his hopes of regenerating Indian prosperity by imitating the policy which was inaugurated in England by Sir ROBERT PEEL. It is highly desirable that additions to the revenue should be connected with an increase of the general wealth, but it was not easy to understand how any fiscal changes in India could lead to a large extension of commerce and consumption. The import duties on manufactured goods may perhaps assist the Indian Treasury, but no financial resource which could have been devised would have been so justly unpopular in England. If, however, the protective effects of the tariff really operate to the disturbance of trade, Manchester may be trusted to counteract, in its own defence, the financial errors of the Indian Council.

It is not surprising that the news of Mr. WILSON's illness and death should have caused alarm in India as well as natural regret and sympathy. Whatever judgments may have been formed of his measures, his knowledge and his industry were appreciated even by his most zealous opponents. No successor will be equally competent to regulate the details which, in matters of taxation, are almost as important as fundamental principles. The limitations and machinery of the Income-tax have already undergone repeated modifications, and experience will probably soon prove the necessity of further adjustments. The entire conduct of the measure would, by universal consent, have been entrusted to Mr. WILSON, and his reputation would have reconciled many objectors to unavoidable pressure or inequality. In the other business of his department his loss will be equally felt. Notwithstanding his heterodox opinions on the basis of convertibility, no Indian official will be found equally competent to arrange the intended issue of Government paper. The three or four hundred provincial treasuries, with their necessary guards, are inconsistent with modern improvements in administration; and yet the economy of substituting credit for coin in ordinary payments will probably be postponed for a considerable time, in consequence of Mr. WILSON's death. It would not be difficult to point out two or three persons of official experience who may probably be the most eligible candidates for the vacant office, but it will scarcely be possible to find any successor who will command equal confidence, either in England or in India.

THE FRENCH TREATY IN FRANCE.

A VERY few weeks of careful attention to the state of opinion in the northern half of France would enable an Englishman to make up his mind on the value of the professions of unbounded satisfaction which are manufactured by prefects and sub-prefects to the order of the French Government. In all the departments lying to the north of the line of Paris, it is certain that the EMPEROR is intensely unpopular, or rather—for Frenchmen have almost ceased to criticise their EMPEROR—that his government is regarded as a terrible, though inevitable and irresistible visitation. It does not take away from the significance of this fact, that the unpopularity we speak of is undeserved, and is produced, not by the worst, but by the best parts of the Imperial policy. Against the appropriation of Savoy, and the tortuous diplomacy which has its field in Italy, not a Frenchman can be found out of Paris who would venture a word of complaint. The aggrandizement of France would, unfortunately, be an excuse in the eyes of the French people for much blacker treachery and much more unscrupulous violence than has in this case been practised; and it is quite enough for the subjects of NAPOLEON III. that a province has already been added to the Empire, and that something else is sure to be picked up among the confusions of Italian revolution. But about the general detestation with which the Commercial Treaty with England is regarded there cannot be a shadow of doubt; nor is any useful object served by the habit which English newspapers have fallen into of denying or glossing over this disfavour, either through a conviction that it is undeserved, or through zeal for the reputation of Free-trade. It is almost amusing to observe the simplicity of the view which is generally taken of the Treaty. That it was a bribe to England is assumed to be a point too clear for discussion, and the preponderating belief is, that it was the price received by this country for its acquiescence in

the annexation of Savoy, and probably in some further acquisitions. Inasmuch, however, as it is now tolerably notorious that England has not concurred in the appropriation of Savoy, there is additional bitterness in the reflection, either that England is treating France with her usual perfidious ingratitude, or that the policy of the EMPEROR has entirely miscarried.

There are many reasons for the discontent of a large part of France with the great experiment which is beginning to be tried. One very intelligible reason is, the certainty that the period of transition from Protection to Free-trade must prove a season of much more perplexity and distress than the analogous period in England. The very badness of the system under which the trade and manufacture of France have been developed, renders it extraordinarily difficult to pass otherwise than by an abrupt leap from the old principles to the new ones. So unreal and artificial are several of the French manufactures, that those engaged in them have never had the spirit to call to their aid the commonest discoveries and inventions of this century and the last. Nor are these enterprises in their infancy merely so far as regards the processes employed in manufacture; they are equally primitive in their distribution of labour. It is a circumstance little known in England, that the great commercial cities of Normandy and Alsace, and in a less degree those of the extreme north of France, are not so much seats of manufacture as centres and dépôts of an industry which is diffused over the whole surrounding department. Only a part of the cotton-prints, muslins, and cloths are the fabric of steam and iron in the towns; a large part—and sometimes the largest and most important part—are produced by hand-labour in the villages, where almost every cottage has its loom, its frame, or its wheel. Nothing testifies more completely to the unhealthiness and backwardness of the system of production hitherto maintained in France than its dependence on the rudest forms of mechanical labour. It is well ascertained that the healthiest state of relations between the separate labour of individuals and the combined labour of men in manufactories is that in which nothing but the finest and rarest of fabrics are produced by the human hand, while all the commoner and cheaper stuffs are thrown off by millions of yards in colossal factories, served by hundreds of disciplined operatives. But in the north, east, and west of France it is precisely the cheapest fabrics which are manufactured by the hand-loom. The cotton-prints, so paltry to English eyes, which are worn by the French peasant woman or the Parisian grisette, come nearly exclusively from small Norman and Alsacian villages. Of course, the labour which has hitherto been occupied by them will henceforward remain idle, unless some expansion of manufacture in the cities should tempt the rural citizens to leave their homes for the purpose of assisting in modes of production requiring great organization and extensive combination. Here, however, we come upon the source of the peculiar difficulty with which French labour has to struggle in making its way over a crisis like the present. The peasants who surround the manufacturing cities are agricultural labourers as well as spinners and weavers, and moreover, far the largest part of them are proprietors of small patches of land. The opinion of those who know them best is, that if they are compelled to give up the hand-loom, they will simply trust for support to the cultivation of their little fields, and encounter year after year of slow starvation rather than migrate to the city. The immense wages paid to operatives in the north of England, since the establishment of Free-trade, have failed to attract any adequate number of labouring men from their one-roomed cottage and their eight shillings a-week in the southern counties, and yet, compared with the stay-at-home French peasant, the English farm-labourer is a restless and erratic nomad.

The alarm of the French manufacturing interests is the greater from the want of any knowledge which may teach them that augmented wealth and a more stirring activity must necessarily, in the long run, be the result of the Imperial policy. People who are aware that some of the most instructive treatises on political economy, and certainly the one brilliant book on that subject, have been written by Frenchmen, can never be prepared for the absolute ignorance of economical truth which characterizes the whole of French society, except a small circle in Paris. There is not even in France that vague appreciation of the true laws of trade, finance, and production which has taken possession of the popular mind in England ever since ADAM SMITH wrote. The

tone of thought in France is, in fact, intensely sentimental, and the sentiments in favour are exactly those which are fatal, except in minds of great strength, to the understanding of an economical proposition. There is, it is true, much in the French character which has no affinity to sentimentalism, but it need not be matter of surprise to Englishmen, that people who are excessively materialistic in their practice should be extravagantly sentimental in their language and theories, for this is a phenomenon which constantly shows itself among ourselves in the world of art and of art-criticism. Frenchmen, in truth, are almost as jealous of sentimental phrases as are Englishmen of religious dogmas; so that any one who should deny in France that the mainspring of human society is universal benevolence would be looked upon in the sort of light in which Mr. MAURICE is regarded, for a somewhat opposite reason, by a certain class of English theologians. Indeed, a Frenchman will frequently forgive the most atrocious crimes to the author of a sounding sentiment, just as there are persons on this side the Channel who would pardon all the vices of ISCAHNOT in one whom they believed to have rightly interpreted the doctrines of St. PAUL. The one unanswerable reason assigned by M. LOUIS BLANC for supposing that there must be some way or other of explaining away ROBESPIERRE'S apparent criminality is, that he once said something extremely benevolent about the hardship of being poor. To minds so constituted, there is scarcely any use in presenting the fundamental postulates of political economy—that the great majority of men in the great majority of instances will prefer a greater material gain to a smaller; and that a science sufficiently near the truth for practical purposes can be constructed on the assumption of this preference. Like Mr. RUSKIN, they are so frightened by the very look of these propositions that they never venture close enough to see what they actually mean; and indeed Mr. RUSKIN'S recent papers, which strike an Englishman as a tissue of impertinent paradoxes, would only be vapid and familiar commonplace in France. Nor is it only with this fundamental doctrine that French sentiment is at open war. There are several phenomena in French society which make it astonishing that the great law of MALTHUS should there be considered as monstrous and wicked; but true it is, as Mr. J. S. MILL long since remarked, that the Malthusian doctrines are even more bitterly reviled in France than in England; and yet without the fullest appreciation of them there can be no political economist.

The subject of thought which in France occupies the place of political economy in England is the pretended science of administration. The duties and attributes of Governments are studied with the same attention which we bestow on the actions and mutual relations of individuals; and the result is that trade and manufacture are regarded in the two countries from exactly opposite points of view. It is the secret belief of all Frenchmen but a few, that Government can accomplish all that sentiment suggests; and Socialism is only this conviction carried to its furthest consequences. It is not too much to say that the EMPEROR, for having adopted the policy of letting commercial transactions take their course, is regarded as having abdicated the most sacred of his duties, as a priest who has burned his mass-book, or a soldier who has run away from the field.

THE PRINCE OF WALES'S TOUR.

ROYAL progresses for the most part, like pageants in general, only interest the immediate spectators; but the Prince of WALES'S visit to the North American provinces is an event sufficiently exceptional to deserve a passing notice. When all parties to a social transaction are anxious to please and willing to be pleased, success is happily not difficult of attainment. The young PRINCE appears to have borne himself with a modest grace and dignity which became his years and his station; and the experienced Minister, who is responsible for his public acts, has shown perfect taste and discretion in the replies to the addresses which have been delivered by provincial assemblies and corporate bodies. In every instance the heir of the Crown has, with a just discrimination, accepted personal courtesies as acts of kindness to himself, while he has acknowledged expressions of loyalty in the name of the QUEEN. The greatness and progress of the communities which he is visiting have been recognised with cordial sincerity, which has never degenerated into vulgar exaggeration. The formal intercourse of flourishing dependencies with the representative of the Imperial dynasty

could not have been conducted with more uniform regard to propriety and to the conditions of mutual respect. The answer to the address of the Legislative Assembly of Canada displayed peculiar good judgment in the language which referred to the French portion of the population. Where it was impossible for the PRINCE to boast of identity of race, he could still point to the equal laws and absolute liberty which are enjoyed alike by all American subjects of the English Crown. Even in complimentary forms it is sometimes possible to record an important political truth.

If any foreigner from the Continent of Europe chanced to notice the accounts of the PRINCE'S tour, he would not, probably, at first observe the most remarkable peculiarity of all the ceremonies which have celebrated his reception. Among the applauding thousands from Newfoundland to Upper Canada, not a single individual either hopes for a place, or receives his inspiration from a placeman. The Prince of WALES has nothing to give but a bow or a smile, or the compliment to an attractive partner of his hand in a dance. The Mayors, the members of Parliament, and the provincial Ministers themselves, owe their elevation and their hopes to the choice of their countrymen, and not to the favour of the Imperial Executive. Even if three or four of the higher officials look to the Crown for future promotion, the Secretary for the Colonies and his successors, and not the PRINCE or the Court, will be called upon to decide on their claims. If the police of Halifax or Quebec had desired the inhabitants to decorate their houses in honour of the Royal visit, it is probable that not a single green leaf would have been gathered for the purpose of forming a triumphal arch. As in all North America there is fortunately not a Prefect to be found, the local communities have the right to do the honours of a welcome which is their own to give or to withhold. Although the Prince of WALES is at home in all the broad regions which are watered by the St. Lawrence, the hospitality offered by his mother's subjects is as voluntary and as independent as the reception which will be given to an honoured stranger in New York or in Washington. A Continental Sovereign can no more become a guest in his own dominions than a gentleman can accept an invitation from his cook and his butler to dine at home.

The colonial journals naturally attempt to find political significance in the Royal visit. It is not impossible that the sympathy which has, for the time, united all the provinces may call the attention of statesmen to the possibility of connecting them more closely together, but the question of federation, or of a still more intimate incorporation, will not be decided in England. Lord DERBY'S Government correctly represented the Imperial policy by declaring that, when the provinces desired to effect a union, no obstacle would be offered at home to the accomplishment of their wishes. At present, it is doubtful whether New Brunswick or Newfoundland would consent to be governed from Toronto, and the Canadians might be unwilling to apply their revenues to the benefit of outlying provinces. The solution of the question will depend on the formation of railways, and on the organization of steamboat lines, rather than on debates or local negotiations. The presence of the Prince of WALES in the Colonies may, perhaps, foreshadow the advent of a Royal Viceroy, but the material results of his visit have been most fully comprehended in the ingenious suggestion that "it will be a first-rate advertisement for "Canada." If three millions of men, occupying a country half as big as Europe, have still occasion to notify their existence to the world, the opportunity of filling two or three columns in the *Times* twice a week for an entire month is assuredly not to be despised. Fame is sweet even to large communities, and it is generally thought in America that the old countries of Europe have engrossed more than their share. The United States, with tenfold the population of Canada, sometimes resent the dense ignorance which prevails beyond the Atlantic as to the respective merits of legitimate and *Bogus* Conventions. On the whole, however, the prospect of turning the PRINCE'S visit into profit may be regarded as one of the grave affectations with which men of business guard themselves against any supposed imputation of disinterested enthusiasm. The causes which have produced a hearty welcome throughout the length and breadth of the provinces are simple, natural, and independent of selfish calculation.

New countries are under the disadvantage of exclusively prosaic associations. The Americans themselves, although they have turned the New England Puritans into "Pilgrim Fathers," and Bunker's Hill into a victory, find it difficult

to shut out the flood of colourless light which reduces recent mythology into commonplace history. It is impossible to feel a poetical enthusiasm for Boston or New York, and Niagara itself, with all its natural advantages, often occurs to the mind as a vast water privilege, flanked by hotels, and occasionally traversed by an acrobat's tight-rope. Yet, in comparison with Canada, even the United States are old and venerable. The sugary pastoral felicity, which a popular poet has commemorated in lumbering hexameters, belongs only to the old French settlements in Acadia. The romance of the North American provinces, unless it can be found in the Grand Trunk Railway and the Victoria Bridge, must for the present be imported from Europe. Yet colonists, as well as metropolitan populations, have the instinct of idealizing the objects and attributes which command common interest from all races of mankind. Power, prosperity, virtue, ancestral greatness, and youth, once crudely represented by the Romans as deified abstractions, are more fitly and naturally personified by favoured human beings. A long reign of uninterrupted felicity has, for all the English-speaking portion of the world, made Queen VICTORIA the accepted symbol of domestic excellence as well as of Royal dignity and wisdom. The calm and sceptical classes, who, perhaps, best understand her large claims on the gratitude of her country, can only appreciate, by a deliberate effort, the space which she occupies in the imagination of the great body of the population, more especially in distant regions. The greatness, the freedom, and the modern liberality of England are inseparably associated with her name, and a farther sentiment, which would never be excited by her representative character, assumes the form of homage to her person. The citizens, and more especially the women, of the United States, in the absence of any prominent object of admiration at home, have, not unnaturally, adopted the image of the Queen of ENGLAND in the place of a national idol. The head of a mighty Empire, the chief of a great historic dynasty, can scarcely be looked upon without emotion, even by the most resolute devotee of equality; and it is the singular merit of Queen VICTORIA, that her position and history may be regarded without the jarring intervention of one disturbing thought. Her greatness and splendour seem not inconsistent with a public life exempt from error, which has been combined with the enjoyment of a stainless and happy home.

The Prince of WALES properly shares in the popularity of the QUEEN, and in his own person he exercises the attraction which belongs to high station, to youth, and to hope. It is perhaps more meritorious to be an elderly philosopher than to be a Prince of eighteen, but Wisdom herself, on a gala day, would turn from the sage to follow the triumphs of the favourite of Nature and Fortune. The Royal visitor discharges all the duties which are requisite in his actual position, by cheerfulness, gracious courtesy, an easy seat on horseback, and a light step in a waltz. It is the privilege of youth to excite sympathy and applause with little need of self-sacrifice, and only a sour ascetic would grudge a double share of the advantage to the heir of England. It is highly proper that well-meaning moralists should improve the occasion, by pointing out the instructive reflections which ought to be suggested by the spectacle of colonial progress and American prosperity. The Prince of WALES possibly thinks more of a ball, or of a shoot down a Canadian rapid, than of responsible government or of commercial statistics; but he is unconsciously amassing stores of observation which may hereafter ripen into valuable knowledge, and, as his boyhood is closing, he passes by a natural transition into the sphere of rational and manly occupation. In his maturer years, it may be hoped that, in the wide dominions of his family, he may find in some worthy employment an alternative for the baneful idleness which has led some of his predecessors into degradation and contempt.

AUSTRIAN CONCESSIONS.

THE policy of the Emperor of AUSTRIA has at last been definitely announced, and he declares himself ready to give all that is asked of him, and to acknowledge the independence of the several provinces of his Empire. It is impossible for a Sovereign to accord to discontented subjects a vaster or a more important change in his system of government. All that Austria has been doing in her internal administration for the last ten years is swept clean away. The great machinery of empire, the establishment of which was considered as cheaply purchased by the costly expedient of calling in foreign aid to subdue domestic rebellion, has

been discarded as a gigantic failure. It is difficult for persons unacquainted with Austria to picture to themselves what infinite pains have been taken, what crimes have been committed, what cruel wrongs inflicted, what an overwhelming mass of sorrow, misery, and shame has been heaped up in order to make this machinery work. The system of one centralized, uniform Government was to be the salvation of Austria; it was to realize the fondest dreams of the most bigoted Catholics; it was to crush out, once and for ever, the smallest germ of opposition to the Imperial will; and it was to cover with imperishable glory the name of the happy Prince in whose reign it was constructed. Now, these bright hopes have faded away. It has been found that this sort of political machinery, however admirably contrived, cannot be applied to living Europeans in the nineteenth century. The nation began to wither under it. The provinces did not revolt, but they got poor. There were troops enough to force any form of Government on infinite numbers of unarmed citizens, but the troops could neither be trusted nor paid. The Jesuits enjoyed the privilege of insulting with impunity, not only heretics, but liberal Catholics; and yet the Church could not be secured wholly on the side of authority, and prelates of the highest rank were found giving the most ominous encouragement to dissatisfied provincials. The eyes of the EMPEROR were gradually opened. Solferino taught him something, and the frauds which would have starved his garrisons taught him more. He began to see that the patent machinery would not do, and he conceived a suspicion that there must be some other elements in a State than an Emperor absorbed in pipeclay, and millions of subjects ground to powder under the pressure of underpaid officials. The great Council of the Nation was called together, and it was allowed to express the discontent which the heterogeneous mass composing the Empire felt at the heavy burdens imposed on them. It was evident from the first, that either the Council would be a sham, or that the bureaucratic machinery would disappear. The Council has never been a sham, and, from its first meeting, it has steadily increased in weight and power. It now, in fact, prescribes the course in which the EMPEROR is to tread if he wishes to remain Emperor. It has won from him an acquiescence in the programme of local independence with which the names of the representatives of Hungary are most prominently connected. The Hungarian Diet, for which the exiles in London and Paris, and so many good Hungarians at home, have been longing so fervently, is now to be once more restored. Let us hope that it will display greater sense and unity than it did in the old days, when turbulence and anarchy riveted the iron yoke of Austria on the neck of the Hungarian nation.

Having secured a promise of constitutional government, so far as constitutional government can exist in Austria, the Council of State has proceeded to examine minutely into the dilapidated finances of Austria, and to make impossible a repetition of the tricks which have brought the very name of an Austrian loan into disrepute. It has also turned its attention to religious matters, and has ordered that the famous Concordat, on which the Ultramontane advisers of the EMPEROR taught him to set so much store, shall be quietly laid aside. Religious equality is to prevail throughout the Austrian dominions. So at least the Council recommends; and we find that constitutional government has at least made so much progress in Austria, that whatever is recommended by the Council is adopted by the EMPEROR, with just sufficient modification to keep up the appearance of his being the sole source of law. We shall soon see whether this new order of things comes in time, and whether any concessions can save the empire from disruption. It is greatly in the EMPEROR'S favour that he has made quickly, and with a decent grace, the concessions that were inevitable. But it seems to hang on a thread whether any concessions will be accepted by Hungary, and the Cabinet of Vienna is perfectly aware that the decision of Hungary will settle the question, and that it is no longer possible to play the old Austrian game, and rule by dividing the ruled. The Croats, who were so successfully opposed to Hungary in the last struggle, have determined to cast in their lot with their former adversaries; and although the Government has tried hard to shake their resolution, they remain stanch to their new allies. If we were to trust the accounts from Hungary which are transmitted to us through the French press, we should be inclined to believe that no concessions would be accepted, and that Hungary was determined to separate herself from Austria. But the Hungarians who write letters to French papers represent

only one section of opinion in Hungary, and that, perhaps, not a very important one. It must be remembered that all classes of Hungarians are bound together in the same political cause; and where large landed proprietors, men of high ecclesiastical position, and men of historical families, are embarked in a common cause with the rest of the nation, the chances are greatly in favour of the national policy being determined by those who habitually lead in the local society. The general feeling among the upper classes of Hungary is, we believe, in favour of remaining attached to the Austrian Empire, so long as Hungary is on a footing of perfect equality with the German provinces. It is evident that the present is a crisis in which the influences of individuals will tell immensely. It will entirely depend on the views of a few leading men whether the new system of Austrian government is allowed a fair trial. Fortunately, the Hungarians have been well represented in the Council, and the Hungarian councillors may be relied on to use all their influence to prevent the pains they have taken proving abortive.

France is the instrument appointed to threaten Austria with constant punishment for her misdeeds, and the action of France has indirectly thrown a fresh obstacle in the way of Austrian self-improvement. The just alarm inspired by the aggressions and intrigues of LOUIS NAPOLEON has had the natural effect of drawing the other Powers of Europe closer together. Austria is in the greatest jeopardy, and she therefore makes the greatest efforts to get support and comfort. If she could but unite herself with Prussia and Russia, she might feel tolerably easy. She has already, in some measure, won over Prussia by the mere fact that she has abandoned her reactionary policy in Germany, and by the offer to let Prussia lead Northern Germany in war. It is now said that Russia has also come to an understanding with her, and that the most monstrous ingratitude the world ever saw has been pardoned. Probably the two Emperors have been drawn together by the apprehension of hearing it some day announced that a Polish Kossuth has been dining at the Tuileries. That they should forget old differences in the face of a new peril is quite natural and proper. But it is exceedingly unfortunate that, at the very moment when Hungary is asked to trust Austria, relations of unwonted cordiality should be entered into with the very Power that was called in so lately to crush Hungary, and to enable the EMPEROR to wipe out the Constitution under which the liberties of Hungary were said to be guaranteed. There is no reason to suspect that FRANCIS JOSEPH is really purposing to betray his subjects, and that a second Russian intervention is in store for Hungary. It would not help the EMPEROR in his present embarrassments to shoot a few thousand rebels. What he wants is money and a state of public confidence that will permit money to be accumulated in his dominions. He cannot fill his purse by calling in Russia to cut his subjects' throats. The system of repression has been abandoned, not so much because it cannot be maintained by force, as because it is discovered not to pay. More repression and a fresh foreign intervention would only lead to national bankruptcy and complete financial ruin. The EMPEROR cannot afford to deceive his subjects; and that is the best answer to those who call to mind the ancient cunning of the HAPSBURGs, and say that Hungary is being ensnared by delusive concessions. But it may not be altogether easy to persuade the Hungarians that the EMPEROR is sincere, and that he honestly means to rule in a new way. They can scarcely avoid an impulse of distrust when they hear that their Sovereign is signing new Constitutions with one hand and greeting the reconciled Czar of RUSSIA with the other. Those who are acquainted with European politics may see the matter in its true light, and think that Austria is quite right to strengthen herself in every way against France; but the bulk of the nation will not care about European politics, and will only notice the very suspicious fact that, in the hour of his adversity and trial, the EMPEROR is once more drawing near to Russia.

If the great concessions now made by Austria bear good fruit, and if the different provinces of the Empire seriously attempt to make local independence compatible with the existence of a strong central power, the future policy of Austria will necessarily be largely coloured by the example that Prussia may choose to set her. Prussia is in every respect more forward in the path of liberal government, and the influence which the more forward of two contiguous and kindred Powers can exercise on the more backward

is immense. Prussia, as the neighbour of constitutional Austria, will incur a new responsibility. The slightest sign of reaction in Prussia—even the mere lack of political vitality in the Prussian Chambers—would drive Austria either into anarchy or despotism. One of those opportunities is again offered Prussia which have been so often offered her in vain. She may be much greater as the guide than she has ever been as the rival of Austria. Amid the various difficulties which the representatives of a constitutional Austria must have to undergo in an empire where there is so much local jealousy, so little loyalty, and so profound an ignorance of the practical working of free government, Prussian statesmen, and Prussian speakers and writers, will be eagerly looked to as the exponents of a really liberal German policy, if they are found equal to the occasion. The history of the past session at Berlin has not been very bright; but if, when the Chambers reassemble, they find that so very new and curious a neighbour as constitutional Austria has sprung up to watch their proceedings and be affected by their decisions, they will, we may hope, be stimulated to greater exertions, and adopt, both on foreign and domestic questions, a more energetic and liberal line of policy.

THE DEPUTATION TO MACMAHON.

THE Irish Government was of course quite in the right in not interfering with the harmless exhibition of political mountebanks which has just taken place in the camp at Chalons. That exhibition has been not only harmless but very useful. People are sometimes tempted to think that free institutions like ours are not applicable to a country where a portion of the press is always preaching pikes and vitriol; and where it has been said the necessities of life consist, not in a full belly and a warm back, but in a glass of whisky and a stick. We now see the advantage of liberty in Ireland. A policy of repression would have concealed from us the real state of the case, and led us to believe that there was a terrible flame of rebellious sentiment smouldering beneath the surface of society. We let it blaze up freely, and this is what it amounts to—a little clique of braggarts, of whom the most formidable is the O'DONOGHUE, who go about talking sedition, as a school-boy uses bad language, because it is so very naughty and so very fine. Unlike repressive Governments, the Irish Government—thanks to their own kind exertions—knows its enemies to a man, and could put its hand on them at an hour's notice, in case of any real danger to the country. What is still more important, Europe now knows, from authentic information, what the Irish have to complain of. The address to MACMAHON does not contain the faintest allusion to any practical grievance. The French Marshal is not implored to recover for Ireland, with his conquering sword, the personal liberty, the freedom of speech, the freedom of election which are enjoyed in France. The sorrows of Erin are reduced to her "blood and tears" and her "widowhood"—blood which has not flowed for more than half a century, except in faction fights, tears which are produced by nothing more harrowing than whisky, and a "widowhood" which, whatever it may mean, will probably be soon cured by the improved steam communication which is fast drawing a partner close to the "widow's" side. Marshal MACMAHON is at perfect liberty to make the tour of Ireland, and see whether he can discover any more wrongs for his chivalry to redress than these.

MACMAHON's name, that of a descendant of Irish exiles, is, no doubt, a proof that there were blood and tears in Ireland in times gone by. But that blood and those tears were not the tears of Ireland alone. They flowed over the whole of Europe, torn, as it then was, by the contending ecclesiastical factions of a persecuting age. The Irish Catholics suffered under the not unnatural vengeance of English Protestants for the cruelties inflicted on Protestants by Catholics in other countries. If the Catholic monarchies received Irish exiles—if there is still a MACMAHON in France, a SARSFELDT and O'DONNELL in Spain, and in Austria descendants of Irishmen who fought for FERDINAND II., England and Ireland can show the descendants of the expelled Huguenots and of refugees from other Catholic nations; and we might show more if, in Italy, Spain, and Austria, the Protestants had not been exterminated, instead of being expelled. If France is justified in undertaking a crusade to avenge the cruel fanaticism of CROMWELL, we are equally justified in undertaking a crusade to avenge the cruel

fanaticism of LOUIS XIV. The O'DONOGHUE demonstration is the tail of departing animosities, which another half century of just government will finally number with the past. You might have got up just such a demonstration in Scotland half a century after the "sair and sorrowfu' Union." We have already left far behind us the evil days when the Duke of WELLINGTON, in making his military calculations, assumed that Ireland must be held as a hostile country. Steam is hastening that beneficent process of amalgamation which will soon make of the two islands the greatest nation in the world. The same mixed race, though mixed in different proportions, inhabits both islands. In the upper classes especially, the fusion is far advanced, and probably some of the gentlemen who accompanied the O'DONOGHUE have as much claim to the title of Celt as the Æthiopian serenaders have to that of Æthiopian. Mr. MITCHEL himself is bewrayed by his name, which proves him to be a descendant of the accursed Saxon, and a proper object of Celtic vengeance. All attempts to galvanize the distinctive language of the ancient Irish are ridiculous failures. It is dying away rapidly, like Gaelic and Welsh, before the Imperial and literary tongue. The foreign allegiance to which Irish Catholics have clung is about to be shaken by the decline of the Papacy; and there is no allegiance to take its place in their hearts other than that of the Imperial Crown—except that of a mythological throne which, it seems, would be at once contested between King SMITH O'BRIEN and King MACMAHON. The quarrel has become antiquarian, and antiquarian quarrels do not long survive the growth of common prosperity and the ascendancy of equal justice. A military occupation of Ireland by the French, supposing it to occur among the accidents of war, would but delay for a moment, in some respects it might even hasten, the inevitable consummation.

Yet this crazy enthusiasm about a French marshal with an Irish name reads a lesson not to be neglected. The Irish, like all Celtic races, are, compared with the Teutonic races, careless of institutions and devoted to persons. When an Irishman talks of liberty, he means a tyrant all to himself. It was the man O'CONNELL, not the principles of Catholic Emancipation or Repeal which he advocated, that reigned in the hearts of the Irish peasant. The name of BONAPARTE was once invested with a similar halo in Irish eyes, and when the descent on Ireland was being planned by the French Directory, the most urgent demand of their Irish confederates was for a general with a well-known name. Personal influence is the one influence of which, at the present stage of their political education, the mass of the Irish people are susceptible. They are scarcely capable of enlightened attachment to the British Constitution; but they are capable of the most passionate loyalty to the wearer of the British crown. Unfortunately, our Sovereigns have rarely had the wisdom or the grace to cultivate this disposition. They have seldom visited that portion of their dominions where their presence would be most acceptable and most beneficial. When they have visited Ireland, they have been received with an enthusiasm which it must be owned the conduct of most of their number had but little deserved; yet on the flimsy pretext that there was not a sufficiently commodious palace in the island, they have habitually neglected a paramount duty to the State, flung away affections which they might easily have secured, and permitted a succession of impostors to usurp their throne in the hearts of the Irish people. It is lamentable to think how much coercion might have been rendered needless, how much bitterness might have been averted, if our Sovereigns would have condescended to pass a few months occasionally in a beautiful country, among a people who would have worshipped them, and a people to whom they were bound, in expiation of past injuries, to be pre-eminently kind. Never was there a Monarch more naturally fitted than the present occupant of the throne to repair this great omission. To ask it at her hands is to ask no more than is expected of the Sovereigns of other countries. No sooner is Savoy annexed to France than it receives from the French EMPEROR the judicious compliment of a personal visit. Even Queen ISABELLA musters sense and public spirit enough to make a progress through her dominions. The time has come when Monarchy, like other institutions, must stand by its own merits, and earn, by the performance of its gracious duties, the loyalty which, if so earned, may in this country be long retained.

ECCLESIASTICAL PREFERMENT.

WE merely notice the eagerness with which some of our feeble-minded contemporaries have thrown themselves into the question of Mr. F. D. MAURICE's orthodoxy, for the sake of warning those most earnest in the quest that it is an eminently dangerous one. If the search for heretical opinions once commences in England, it will not end with a domiciliary visit in Vere-street. The Church of England, happily for herself, and most of the dissenting sects following her, partake so largely of the practical temper of the nation, that their language and modes of thought are those of everyday English life. The formal and technical phraseology of theological science has been pretty nearly abandoned in their public teaching by our clergy, and caution in the use of religious formulas is almost unknown, except among a few learned divines. In such a state of things, a hue and cry after heretical opinions is as perilous to friend as to foe. Dean MILMAN relates with quiet irony the fate of a famous champion of orthodoxy, EUTYCHES, who, in the midst of an exciting persecution of NESTORIUS and the Nestorians, suddenly found himself convicted of the most detestable errors, to his own infinite astonishment and disgust; and, after expecting to add a name to the calendar of saints, saw himself registered for ever in the catalogue of heresiarchs. What a thing it would be if the *Record*, the *Advertiser*, and the chequered pack of sectarian papers, while in full cry after Mr. MAURICE, were to be found suddenly bogged in the morass of heresy! If men once become curious about such questions, these catastrophes are not at all improbable. There have always been one or two theologians in the country who have pertinaciously declared that the Archbishop of DUBLIN is a Patripassian or a Sabellian, or something equally dreadful, and not very long ago a keen critic convicted even the great Dean CLOSE, of Carlisle, of a frightful heresy with an unpronounceable name. Let us all, then, be careful before we indulge in the hazardous amusement of running down heretics. It is one of those sports in which the hunter often finds himself transformed, like ACTÆON, into the game he is hunting.

We will not be seduced into following the example from which we have been warning others, but there is one point in this miserable little business which deserves notice. Why in the world has there been so loud an outcry? Vere-street chapel is, after all, but a modest piece of preferment. The whole annual revenue would not, probably, defray Bishop VILLIERS's wine-merchant's bill for a single year. Surely a clergyman might be permitted to slip without hostile comment into so inconspicuous a cure, even though he had not that entirely bad opinion of human nature which amounts to a qualification for a Bishopric. Mr. MAURICE himself, too, has so many titles to promotion, that there never was the slightest necessity for calling attention to his doctrinal opinions. He has had several sharp passages with this journal, and we shall not be suspected of overrating his powers; but we must say that the induction into a living of moderate value of a man of much metaphysical knowledge and singular dialectical power—one, too, who has conducted as interesting an experiment in the education of the working classes as has been tried in this century—seems to us one of the simplest and most natural of occurrences. The censors of the appointment have, in fact, so little to say against it that they affect to consider the question as settled by Mr. MAURICE's removal from a Professorship at King's College. But King's College, though a useful institution, is in reality only a Proprietary School; and, were one of its professors popularly accused of secret cannibalism, it would be forced to dispense with his services rather than jeopardize its chance of attracting the students which are necessary to its existence. The attempt to invest such a body with the attributes of the Star Chamber or the Court of High Commission is one of the most singular efforts of effrontery we remember to have witnessed. Why, then, all this stir? Why have a perfect crowd of the most eminent men in the Church of England been compelled to come forward with a declaration that a clergyman of great accomplishments and tried piety is not to be absolutely disqualified from having the charge of souls, because he differs from the majority of his brethren in one of the subtlest questions of divinity? We explain the clamour by the circumstance that Vere-street Chapel, being in the gift of the Woods and Forests, partakes of the nature of a Crown living. Now, there is a party in the Church which considers that it has a vested interest in

all the patronage of the Crown, and it is this party whose indignation has swelled so high at the participation of an alien in the heritage of the elect. Why, there are young men at Oxford and Cambridge on the point of courageously facing the fifth inevitable pluck, in the assurance that a particular set of easily acquired opinions, and an easily acquired mode of expressing them, will be as good as a provision for life. There are children in the nurseries of noble Whig families who are being taught to stammer Antinomianism over their bread and butter, on the faith of the general belief that a patrician cadet in holy orders, who has got safely over the University, is booked for a Bishopric at least. It is easy to imagine the dismay of the section of the Church once called Evangelical at a precedent fraught with the promise of disappointment and disaster. Here is the children's bread—not a loaf, indeed, but, as it were, a small roll—thrown wickedly to one of the dogs. The Jesuits, when the influence of LE TELLIER and Madame DE MAINTENON gave them a monopoly of old LOUIS XIV.'s favours, would not have been more startled and disgusted if an abbey in the provinces had been conferred on a notorious Jan-senist.

The optimists who think that jobbing has disappeared in an age of competitive examinations, may be recommended to temper their expectations by glancing at the state of the Church of England. In the course of the last six years, half-a-dozen men of very moderate capacity, all scions of the aristocracy and members of partisan families, have been taken out of the crowd of clergy and elevated over the heads of the scholars, historians, and divines who abound in the Church of England. The peculiar situation of the Church has enabled Lord PALMERSTON to do with Bishoprics that which, if done to the highest offices of any other profession, would have called forth a perfect storm of indignation. Suppose six noblemen—we will even assume them to be men of fair abilities—had been successively appointed to Judgeships, or to regiments, or to the command of fleets, or to Under-Secretaryships of State. How would the *Times* have thundered, the Radical press growled, Mr. ROEBUCK declaimed, and Mr. BRIGHT inveighed! How many times would *Punch* have given us the faces of these heroes of jobbery! The very same thing is done, however, in the sphere of ecclesiastical preferment; and though people may complain, nobody seems to consider it extraordinary or unnatural. And the reason is that party warfare, which is all but extinct in the State, rages furiously in the Church. It was a much better time for nepotists and jobbers when two political factions fought in fierce opposition on the floor of the House of Commons. The GREY and MELBOURNE Governments were able to venture on promotions of which the scandal would now be intolerable, because they could be sure that, if their appointments were attacked, their followers would defend them to the uttermost, and the censure would be attributed to the malignity of the party out of power. The clergymen lately advanced to high ecclesiastical preferment correspond with the Irish Catholics who were crowded into the public offices under the Lichfield House compact with O'CONNELL. They are notoriously unequal to their duties, but their appointment is essential to the carrying out of a particular combination, and all interested in that combination shut their eyes to the immorality of its consequences. We may depend upon it that the same thing will recur in civil life whenever the strife of factions recommences. A time will come when the superficial current of opinion in favour of intellectual capacity will run itself dry, and the principles which now govern ecclesiastical preferment will reassert their authority in the region of secular patronage.

PIPES AND CIGARS.

IT might have been expected that Sir Benjamin Brodie's letter on smoking would have produced a plentiful crop of newspaper correspondence in this dull time of the year. Almost as many people are interested in the wholesomeness of tobacco as in the possibility of living on the smallest genteel income, or in the frauds of brewers and grocers; and tobacco is a subject on which the experience of a variety of persons of different habits, ages, and constitutions would be really valuable, if only one person in a hundred had the art of speaking the truth. Perhaps it was the letter itself that repelled general discussion. The writer was eminent and the subject highly important, but the letter itself was strangely beside the mark. It is seldom of use to preach about extreme cases; and Sir Benjamin Brodie only alluded to the most extreme of extreme cases. The great bulk of smokers are not touched by stories of persons who smoke themselves idiotic or blind, or of fanatics who, in spite of every entreaty, will

go on until they die with a cheroot in their ashy lips. Warnings are no warnings at all unless the thing against which the caution is given is the sort of thing that comes within the range of the person warned. No one abstains from real pie because he is told the story of a silly lad who died of eating a whole calf, and the appropriateness of dry sherry after soup is not doubted because unlimited Old Tom induces *delirium tremens*. That smoking can be indulged in so as to injure health is indisputable; that nature sometimes gives warnings which show that even moderate smoking is to be avoided, either for a time or permanently, is equally notorious; and no man of sense thinks of neglecting such warnings. But is moderate smoking injurious when the ordinary rules of health are observed, and when no bad effects at the time are perceptible? This is a question of the very greatest interest, and, unfortunately, Sir Benjamin Brodie does not even suggest an answer to it. Most men who smoke observe certain rules which their own experience has dictated, and by observing which, they fancy they enjoy with impunity the great pleasure of smoking. They smoke more, for instance, when they drink stimulants, or when they take a large amount of active exercise. They smoke at certain times of the day, and not at others; they take their tobacco only in the evening, or never in the evening; they change between a pipe and a cigar; they find out, in short, what they think is wholesome for them. Is all this a pure delusion? and is the smoke all the time inevitably blinding, then enervating, and then making them imbecile? We wish some eminent medical men would answer this in plain language, and abstain from troubling us with tales about exceptional fools. We want to know whether we may safely cultivate our little crop of pleasures in our quiet way, and we are simply bored by anecdotes of prize gooseberries, and enormous snakes found under rosebushes.

We look in vain for any general statement in Sir Benjamin Brodie's letter which can guide us in the matter. He certainly tells us that two drops of the oil of tobacco will kill a cat. But it is evident either that men do not take two drops, or that two drops do not kill them; and, if it is said that although the poison is not taken in sufficient quantities to kill at once, yet its accumulative force will kill in the long run, we ask how are we to know that? Why should we consider the poison of tobacco accumulative? In all these things practical experience has great weight with every one. When we read accounts of the adulteration of food, and know how much adulterated food we consume, we cannot help feeling that, on scientific principles, we ought to have been dead long ago, and that our coffins ought by this time to be fit to be ground into the best and most aromatic coffee. But, in spite of adulteration, life drags on. So with tobacco. The great majority of smokers are not conscious that they are doing themselves harm. They do not feel in the least like a cat in *extremis*. They smoke, as they drink sherry, when and where and to the extent they practically find most conducive to health. How are they to distinguish between the confidence which present practical impunity seems to give in the case of tobacco, and the confidence inspired by finding that adulterated food is bad, but not so bad as scientifically it ought to be? We entirely give up people who, if they knew that one cigar a day, taken after exercise and food, was necessarily and mentally injurious, would decline to profit by the knowledge. If men like to kill themselves by slow poison, we must leave them to go through the process. But those who would relinquish any gratification proved to be injurious, are entitled to ask for a proof of noxiousness that will bear sifting, and cannot be expected to be content with the vague denunciations of an eminent surgeon, howling in the wilderness and lamenting over his smoking countrymen.

Sir Benjamin Brodie appeals to facts which seem to us exceedingly questionable. He tells us, for instance, that taking tobacco has greatly increased in recent years among the upper classes of England, and that these classes consume much more tobacco now than they ever did before. We do not feel sure of this. From the first introduction of tobacco down to the middle, and perhaps almost to the close, of the last century, pipes were smoked freely and constantly by the great majority of English gentlemen. It is only in modern days the clergy have been considered as debarred from tobacco, or rather as less likely to smoke than laymen. A hundred years ago, and much later, pipes were regularly introduced into the Fellows' room at every College, and the clergy, who had the office of instructing the upper classes of those times, used to puff away the whole evening without a thought of shame. Pipes gave way to snuff, and snuff to cigars. Smoking cigars is a modern habit, but when Sir Benjamin Brodie was a young man, every gentleman carried his snuff-box. Now, whatever harm tobacco can do, snuff, we believe, will do equal harm. The injury to the brain from snuff is as possible and probable an injury as the injury to the stomach done by the suction of tobacco oil. So at least it is said on good authority, and we do not know that any facts have been adduced to show that cigars have practically done more harm than snuff used to do. Sir Benjamin Brodie, again, appeals to the history of the Turks to prove that a people of habitual smokers must necessarily degenerate and become gradually worn out. This is very unsatisfactory. Other nations of habitual smokers have not degenerated. The Germans, for example, have smoked as hard as a nation can smoke for two centuries. A German smoker consumes much more and much stronger tobacco in the year than a Turk. But who will venture to say that the Germans have fallen off in phy-

sical power? So far as fine figures and healthy frames go, the troops of Prussia may compete with the troops of any nation in the world. If it is true that the Turks have degenerated, how do we know that tobacco is the cause of degeneration in a country where polygamy exists? But have the Turks degenerated in the sense that their bodies are less healthy and powerful than those of their forefathers were? The Turks are physically and morally a race far superior to the Greeks, and indeed to every race they rule over. Certainly they do not find it easy to govern a huge Empire under circumstances of great difficulty, and make almost as bad a business of it as the Byzantine rulers who preceded them, and who never saw or smoked an ounce of tobacco. But that the Turks have to thank their very mild tobacco for their present political difficulties is by no means apparent.

We have, indeed, much to learn on the subject of tobacco; and if any one could and would teach us, we might be very properly grateful. We will not even assume that any smoking can be harmless, and are quite open to conviction if any one can show that this is the case. But apart from that final blow to our intercourse with tobacco, there are minor points on which we should like information. Especially, we wish evidence could be collected to show whether cigars are a wholesome form of tobacco. We think it by no means improbable that, so far as health goes, the change from pipes to cigars has been a mistake. Cigars have become fashionable because they are portable and convenient, and are thrown away when the smoking is over; but they certainly bring the oil nearer to the mouth. As a general rule, the experience of mankind has been in favour of pipes; and in the great smoking countries pipes have been usually adopted. Sir Benjamin Brodie's Turks, for example, and the Dutch, use pipes almost exclusively; and a Turk and a Dutchman can get through as much tobacco as most people. In Italy and Switzerland the cigar is used by the people generally; and it is a curious thing, and a proof how providentially happiness is distributed, to find that apparent gratification is derived from smoking a succession of the damp, coarse rolls of black tobacco, with a straw stuck through the middle, which are offered at less than a halfpenny a-piece, and which require the smoker to be continually letting off lucifers in the hollow of his hand, in order that the cigar may be kept burning. But elsewhere pipes or cigarettes are used by the mass of the people, and perhaps the pipe has other recommendations, beside that of greater cheapness, to account for the preference bestowed on it. The oil is partly burnt in the pipe and partly absorbed into the earthen material, and it seems unlikely that this should not be better for the health. Sir Benjamin Brodie may be so far right that cigars, which have come into fashion within the last thirty years, are less wholesome than a pipe, and that the bad effects which tobacco will unquestionably produce are produced more speedily now than they used to be. We hardly know how the point is to be ascertained, except by collecting the experience of persons who have found that the annoying consequences which have followed on their smoking cigars have ceased when they have taken to pipes. If unimpeachable evidence in sufficient quantities could be collected to show this, smokers would have a valuable fact to start with.

Unfortunately, it is very difficult to collect evidence on these points, for all matters of health are considered to be within the jurisdiction of the doctors, and the doctors are not likely to ascertain what is the truth about smoking. They alone of all people are almost entirely prevented by their position and profession from smoking, and they set themselves against a practice which is not open to them to adopt. If, however, any person holding a position as eminent as that of Sir Benjamin Brodie chose to collect the facts accessible to him, he would be doing a great service to his generation. The chief medical men in the different States of the civilized world, and travellers who have visited ruder tribes, must have acquired a vast fund of experience by this time, if only it could be put together. We must repeat that we have no wish to uphold or advocate smoking, or to maintain an opinion that smoking is innocuous. What we want is, some solid reason for thinking that tobacco in moderation is not as harmless to the constitutions with which it seems to agree as sherry is; and secondly, we should like to have it established whether the form of tobacco makes an essential difference in its wholesomeness, and whether the cigar is more injurious to health than a pipe. Now that Sir Benjamin Brodie has worked off his stock of irrelevant anecdotes, he may perhaps feel inclined to start an inquiry on the points that are really material.

THE PRESENT COLLEGE OF CARDINALS.

WHO on earth will be the next Pope? is a question which most Italian members of the Sacred College address to themselves several times a day with an unmistakeable feverishness of accent. The mass of Romans have long gained the conviction that every Pope must prove the same impracticably bad sovereign that they have had the singular privilege of enjoying for centuries in unbroken succession. The present generation, at all events, is thoroughly safe against any possible relapse into the hallucinations that made it, in 1846, enthusiastically hail the crude initiative taken by Pius IX. The Pope's death would have no other popular effect than as a signal for immediate insurrection in the provinces, with the view of demolishing pontifical authority during the interregnum, and thus impressing the iron logic of

facts upon the immured Cardinals. No such interest, therefore, attaches itself in the minds of the Romans to the next Conclave as would attach to it if they considered it likely to give them a sovereign.

It is different with their scarlet-hosed Eminences. Conclaveday, to them, is their day of Tombola. The purple is to every recipient a lottery ticket, only to be raffled for upon that gala occasion, of quite uncertain term. Naturally, a gambler's uneasiness alights upon the holders, lest they should not be favoured even with the opportunity of attending a drawing. The cherished occupation, therefore, of a large portion of the Sacred College is feverishly to reckon problems of longevity which might afford instruction to insurance-office actuaries; for every Italian-born Cardinal considers himself an heir-apparent, and the possibilities of attaining the reversionary interest in prospect are as acutely valued in select circles in Rome as premonitory symptoms of dissolution are avidly discounted by *post-obit* dealers. This is quite in the order of things. For what is the Sacred College but a preserve for rearing Popes? and as you keep your fattening turkey poult with a view to a proper supply of Christmas roasts, so your Cardinal is an institution meant to swell into a Pope.

There are, however, good reasons why speculations should be rife at this critical moment as to who may be the next Pope. Pius IX. is verging on seventy, and his health is not good. Should the new Pope prove a man of sufficient enlightenment to abandon the stolid obstinacy which has lost the Romagna without an equivalent, it is certain that he will easily secure ample means for the full preservation of his independence as spiritual Primate. Though a new Pope cannot, therefore, hope to retain what at this moment still belongs to Pius IX., he will find himself exactly in the position for a man of judgment to render incalculable services both to the Church and to Italy; for to arrive at a peaceful understanding about assigning a satisfactory position to the Pope, has always been recognised as the cardinal problem involved in the reorganization of Italy.

A Sacred College is always a constituency so difficult to scrutinize that it might defy even the late Mr. Coppock's shrewd glance. Every elector, considering himself as a possible candidate, is afraid of giving vent to some imprudent assurance to his own detriment. Cardinals are all like that provoking class of venal voters who, with the confident expectation of ultimate gratifications, hold back in marked hesitation to the last moment. A Commission of Inquiry into Conclave proceedings would bring to light a web of intrigue equalling the corruption of St. Alban's or Sudbury, though singularly contrasting in its excessively fine ingenuity with the coarse devices of a Man in the Moon or a Frail. But the hushed atmosphere of complicity by common consent generally extends a hardly penetrable veil over the envious plottings and persuasive conferences which are the ordinary occurrences in Conclaves. In addition to these general difficulties in the way of calculating a Papal election, there occurs the special one that never was there a Sacred College so deficient as the present in men of note. Of the seventy seats which make up the College of Cardinals, sixty-three are filled up—one of these, however, being as yet merely designated *in pectore*, and therefore not actually in possession. Of these, no fewer than thirty-nine have been created by Pius IX., whose reign of fourteen years encroaches considerably on the average term of existence allotted to men generally so far advanced in life as Cardinals. But this extent of patronage has not ensured a proportionate amount of young blood. On examining the ages of the present Cardinals, we find that seventeen are between seventy and ninety-one; that twenty-six have passed their sixtieth year; that seventeen, again, range between that term and fifty, and that only three are under that age—two of them verging upon it; while Cardinal Milesi alone is as young as forty-two. We must eliminate all Cardinals of non-Italian birth (their present number is nineteen), for the inexorable logic of public opinion has made the Sacred College for centuries past raise only a native prelate to the throne. There can be no more conclusive evidence against the supposed benefit to the Church of a territorial principality, than the fact that a worldly regard for its possession deprives so many ecclesiastical dignitaries of the full enjoyment of their highest and most distinctive privileges. Imperative considerations will furthermore reduce the forty-four Cardinals who, on grounds of nationality, might be qualified for election. No Conclave could now venture to shock public opinion by making one of the twelve Lay Cardinals Pope, while a large proportion of the thirty-two that remain after their exclusion cannot be seriously entertained as candidates—some from excessive decrepitude, many for personal reasons. These exclusions, of course, extend merely to actual elevation to the Chair of St. Peter; for, in all voting and caballing, every Cardinal is on an equality.

Here the progress of speculation becomes somewhat embarrassed in presence of the general blankness which pervades the physiognomy of the Sacred College. It curiously happens that the Cardinals are all either survivors from former Popedom, or creations since Pius IX. underwent the influence of Gaeta, with the sole exception of Marini and Antonelli. Now although, except in the event of premature death, the next Conclave may be assumed to open under the meridian of Antonelli's ascendancy, there are abundant reasons why he should be exposed in it to strong hostility. It is not to be supposed that he will proceed out of it as Pope. His double character of Lay Cardinal and Secretary of

State will disqualify him, apart from the fact that he would certainly encounter the veto at the disposal of France. Antonelli, therefore, must confine his efforts to securing the election of some creature of his own, with the view of confirming in a new reign his present influence, based upon the principle of obstinate refusal to acquiesce in a modification of the traditional state of things. But he will find himself greatly put to it in Conclave for efficient and hearty supporters. It is a signal proof of Antonelli's narrow instincts that, content with excluding certain men whom he had particular reason to dread, he has forgotten to direct his influence to the creation of Cardinals on whom he might rely. He has now got together a set of men whose harmlessness is ensured as long as they are awed by the presence of an ascendant influence, but who, from the very fact of their timid weakness, can never be reckoned upon for resisting rival influences, if once exposed to their action. On the contrary, ignorance, softness—and, with not a few, a stock of well-meaning simplicity—make the majority easy tools for subtle craft. Besides, absence of merit does not involve absence of vanity. As a body, the Cardinals have deeply resented the slur put upon their order by Antonelli in its complete exclusion from the Administration. On divers occasions the malcontents have vainly sought to gain the Pope's ear. In the beginning of this year about a dozen Cardinals broached a proposal to restore the Sacred College to the condition of an active Council of State, in accordance with an ancient Bull of Eugenius IV. The loss of Romagna was to be acquiesced in, and the Pope's sovereignty in the preserved provinces modified into a mere suzerainty, restricted to little more than the enjoyment of tribute—these concessions to be accompanied by Antonelli's dismissal. A principal instigator of the demonstration was Cardinal di Pietro, an excessively ambitious and restless prelate, who has acquired in foreign missions the dexterity indispensable for political success at Rome. In Consistories he has made himself so conspicuous by opposition to Antonelli, and by his advocacy of a thorough change of system, that his pronounced partisanship puts him, for the Papacy, under the same ban as Antonelli. The Sacred College is a timid constituency, easily scared, and invariably rejects men noted for political animosities. Di Pietro, therefore, knows that the only prize within the grasp of his ambition is that Secretaryship of State now in the hands of his hated rival.

Between these two prelates there will consequently ensue, in Conclave, an intense struggle as to who can make the Pope; and the result of this personal contest will virtually involve the mighty question, whether or not the Church can surrender temporal possession without impugning its holiest principles. However little a naked proposition for the total abolition of Papal temporalities would meet with the concurrence of the Sacred College, it is evident that the authors of the proposal we have mentioned must already be familiarized with the principle; and its favourable consideration cannot fail to be promoted by rapidly growing dangers to the holiest interests of the Church, which, proceeding solely from the existence of those temporalities, must carry conviction to candid minds. It would be a calumny to represent the Sacred College as a mere assembly of avid jobbers. It is deficient in men of commanding parts, but it counts many most conscientious Christians, imbued with true devotion to the Church, and sufficiently intelligent to distinguish between its true and its sham interests. Besides, even sordid passions cannot make the Cardinals cling very desperately to the existence of Papal States. Three Legations and the Secretaryship of State are the only political posts reserved to their order, whose other numerous preferences are institutions not to be affected by a surrender of present sovereignty. The Cardinals are, in fact, like our field-marshal, quaint incrustations, the last deposit of an anomalous system, which, in its activity, is the property of a different class—in Rome that class being the Monsignori. By himself, Di Pietro, if he were to take a bold stand in avowed advocacy of the total renunciation of temporal power, might muster some half-dozen colleagues, and amongst them men of great distinction, like Amat-Barnabò-Roberti. But this would be a blunder not to be expected from his dexterity. He must concert action with the more colourless section of the College—good, pious men of temporizing disposition, nervously alive to danger, and admitting the necessity for reform, only personally shrinking from the responsibilities involved in bringing forward any definite plan. This cast of mind makes them open to persuasion; and amongst them, on the score of virtue and gentle liberalism, are to be found several good candidates for the Papacy, as Riario, Bofondi, &c. &c. This section is likely to congregate mostly around Cardinal Marini, as leader. But, next to becoming Pope, it is the height of ambition in Conclave to figure as a capital shareholder in a Pope. Therefore, the requisite majority being of two-thirds, intriguing Cardinals devote their energies to becoming the centres of small factions, which, under this regulation, are capable of exercising influence. Marini will hardly, therefore, be able to conduct the whole floating mass of trimmers out of the reach of caballers like, for instance, Savelli—a sordid, rancorous, and unscrupulous Corsican, solely actuated by selfish passions. Long the pampered satellite of Antonelli, he has lately quarrelled with him. The necessity for an absolute majority acts in two ways—often bringing about compromises which at the outset seemed impossible, but likewise facilitating vexatious obstruction. This is the line Antonelli may be expected to take. He will act with the party of antiquated and vicious fanatics, headed by Della Genga; and Grassellini-Altieri, a shallow, but rather plausible prelate, will

side with him in the main. As he, however, aspires himself to the Secretaryship, he will try to spin a little private intrigue of his own. That a Pope should proceed from the ranks of this party is highly improbable, but by united action it may impede the choice of any candidate enjoying the hearty support of Di Pietro and Marini. Should this obstruction be successfully persisted in, it will ultimately be necessary to take some more neutral Cardinal—perhaps Corsi, Archbishop of Pisa, or Patrizi, now Vicar-General. These are sincere Churchmen of unblemished character; but there is reason to fear that bigotry may restrain them from adopting a sufficiently liberal policy to let Di Pietro become Secretary-of-State. This would be a great gratification to Antonelli, who would here find consolation for the disappointment of having failed in securing the choice of a pet Pope of his own.

But even in this event the new Pope will owe his elevation to a support from the Liberal section, not to be obtained without distinct conditions. However he may claim some territorial possessions, or in pompous manifestoes reserve obsolete titles, with the present temper of the Sacred College, and the present aspect of events, the next Pontiff can scarcely fail to make some declarations virtually renouncing temporal authority. The necessity for this concession is felt more vividly by the Cardinals since the power of Naples has crumbled away; and it makes the easier progress as it presents itself in the light of the inevitable consequence of the hated Antonelli's disastrous administration. At this moment, the Sacred College teems with elements for a palace revolution against the Secretary-of-State, which, under favour of Garibaldi's advances, may possibly come to a head even before a Conclave. The Cardinals are gathering courage, under Garibaldi's protection, to express their opinions. It signifies little whether the spoils of office fall to the share of Di Pietro or another—the important fact is, that under the pressure of events, a spirit of acquiescence is springing up among the magnates of the Papacy which is rapidly sapping the foundations of that monstrous anachronism, the Pontifical States.

JUSTICE UNDER THE TUDORS.

LETTERS have been addressed to the *Times*, on one side by Mr. Froude, on the other by Mr. Charles Knight, the author of the *Popular History of England*, respecting an historical point of some interest connected with the administration of justice in Mr. Froude's golden age of the Tudors. The subject of discussion is the statement current in histories, that the appalling number of seventy-two thousand criminals were executed in England in the reign of Henry VIII. Mr. Froude flatters himself he has triumphantly shown that this rather staggering piece of criminal statistics is only a portion of that vast tissue of calumnious fables which a perverse world has so unaccountably chosen to invent against the best of husbands and the most just and humane of kings.

We will recur to Mr. Froude's *History*, where the question was first raised by him. In a note to Vol. iii. p. 408, after mentioning the statement referred to, and enlarging in a solemn manner about the caution which "historians who are accustomed to examine their materials critically" find it necessary to exercise in receiving statements as to numbers, he proceeds:—

I must be permitted to mention the evidence, the single evidence, on which it rests.

The first English witness is Harrison, the author of the *Description of Britain*, prefixed to Holinshed's *Chronicle*. Harrison, speaking of the manner in which thieves had multiplied in England, from laxity of discipline, looks back with a sigh to the golden days of King Hal, and adds, "It appeareth by Cardan, who writeth it upon report of the Bishop of Lexovia, in the genturie of King Edward the Sixth, that his father, executing his laws very severely against great thieves, petty thieves, and rogues, did hang up three score and twelve thousand of them."

We will give the whole passage of Harrison, and our readers may judge, by the way, from this among a multitude of instances, whether implicit confidence is to be placed in the investigations of Mr. Froude. The passage is in the Second Book of the *Description*, chap. ii., towards the end. Robbers are there divided into three great classes, "young shifting gentlemen," "serving-men," and professional "rogues," of which Harrison says (chap. x.) there were 10,000, divided into "disorders and degrees," with slang names and a "canting language" of their own.

Our third annoiers of the commonwealth are rogues, which doo verie great mischeefe in all places where they become. For whereas the rich onlie suffer injurie by the first two, these spare neither rich nor poore: but whether it be great gaine or small, all is fish that cometh to net with them, and yet I say both they and the rest are trussed up apace. For there is not one year commonlie, wherein three hundred or four hundred of them are not devoured and eaten up by the gallows in one place and other. It appeareth by Cardane (who writeth it upon the report of the Bishop of Lexovia), in the genturie of King Edward the Sixt, how Henrie the Eight, executing his lawes verie severely against such idle persons—I mean great theeves, petty theeves, and rogues—did hang up threescore and twelve thousand of them in his time. He seemed for a while greatly to have terrified the rest: but since his death the number of them is so increased, yea, although we have had no warres, which are a great occasion of their breed (for it is the custome of the more idle sort, having once served or but seeme the other side of the sea under colour of service, to shake hand with labour for ever, thinking it a disgrace to returne unto his former trade), that, except some better order be taken, or the lawes already made be better executed, such as dwell in uplandish towns and little villages shall live but in small safetie and rest.

In the first place, we see what is meant by "looking back with a sigh to the golden days of King Hal." It is looking back with

a-sigh to days of wholesale hanging. In the second place, we see, what Mr. Froude has not found it convenient to impart to us, that Harrison goes far to confirm the Bishop of Lexovia's statement of *his own knowledge*, since he tells us that, in his time, when the measure of severity fell far below that of Henry VIII., there were hanged of the class of professional "rogues" alone, exclusive of the two other great robber classes of broken gentlemen and serving-men before mentioned, between 300 and 400 in every year. Adding the broken gentlemen and the serving-men to the rogues, and adding, also, a few murderers, who are classed separately, we shall arrive at a figure for the days of "lax discipline" which renders 2000 a year, or about 72,000 in all, for the "golden days" of Henry VIII. not incredible.

In Strype's *Annals*, vol. iv., Appendix, No. 213, is a letter from Mr. Hext—"some eminent justice of the peace" in the county of Somerset, *temp. Eliz.*—to the Lord Treasurer, on the amount of crime in that county, which, as well as the second book of Harrison, we strongly recommend those who wish to return to the "golden days" of the Tudors to read. Mr. Hext feels it his duty to represent that, in one year, owing to the laxity of the inferior ministers of justice in insuring convictions, 183 (he should have said 184) criminals had been enlarged (35 of these, however, being branded, and 37 whipped), while only *forty* were executed. He gives an astounding picture of the extent of crime about him, and "fears" that "the state of the whole realm is in as ill case or worse" than that of his own county, where they happened to have been "wonderfully aided" by two very good judges of assize. He appends a sort of summary of the Calendar to his letter in proof of his statements. Now, if we multiply *forty*, the number of executions in Somersetshire, by the number of counties in England and Wales, we shall get about 2000 executions in the year, and this, be it still observed, in times which, to contemporaries, seemed deplorably lenient compared with those of Henry VIII.

Mr. Froude says, in his letter to the *Times*, that he has seen, in the Record Office, Reports sent up from Judges of Assizes to the Government, and that the number of executions reported never, as he thinks, exceeds *ten*. *Ten* at one place and at the same assizes is pretty well, and would go far to save the Bishop of Lexovia's statement from the imputation of being "as wild as the Church legend of 14,000 innocents massacred at Bethlehem." But Mr. Froude admits these Reports to be incomplete; and they certainly are so, since it appears by a passage of Sir Thomas More, quoted by Mr. Froude, in the page of his history to which we have above referred, that "twenty thieves might be seen hanging on a single gibbet!" The plain truth is, that the Government, in the "golden" Tudor days, thought about as much of "trussing-up" peasants as a Roman Government did of crucifying slaves. Respect for the sacredness of human life is the base offspring of our own degenerate and utilitarian age.

In his History, Mr. Froude complacently informs us, that he is "unable to discover the Bishop of Lexovia;" and, in his letter to the *Times*, he calls Cardan's informant "a nameless foreign ecclesiastic." The Bishop of Lisieux (of which we beg leave to inform Mr. Froude Lexovia is the Latin name) was no more "nameless" than the Bishop of London; nor was a Norman Bishop in those days "foreign" to England in such a sense as he would be now.

Cardan is merely the transmitter of the Bishop of Lexovia's statement. But Mr. Froude thinks he can make his testimony worthless even as a transmitter, and throw a colour of absurdity over everything connected with him by showing that he was an astrologer, and parading the absurdities of that pretended science. Cardan was an astrologer, as, in a later and far more enlightened age, were Kepler and Tycho Brahe. His evidence, if anything depended on it, as to Henry's cruelty would no more be tainted by his belief in the influence of the stars on the King's character than by his ignorance of the circulation of the King's blood. His mode of accounting for the fact may be as chimerical as you please, but his perception of the fact itself may nevertheless be perfectly clear, like his perception of the fact that Henry cut off the heads of his wives and quarrelled with the Pope, which he also accounts for on astrological principles. If nobody who believed in astrology is worthy of credit, the belief in astrology at the time of Henry VIII. having been universal, nobody who lived in that age is worthy of credit. The whole history of the period rests upon evidence which is invalid, and, like the audience of the conjuror who jumped down his own throat, we are all left in total darkness.

THE BRITISH MUSEUM.

ANOTHER Parliamentary Committee and another Report on the British Museum! As the last was dated in 1850, we may now calculate the recurring period of this weighty document, which, like the Census, seems to be decennial. The Report of 1850 was on the general constitution of the Museum, and to its recommendations must be attributed much of the improvement which unquestionably has taken place in the administration of that institution. The present Report—that of the Committee so ably presided over by Mr. Gregory—is confined to a narrower range of investigation. The Committee of the present year was appointed to "inquire how far, and in what way, it may be desirable to find increased space for the extension and arrange-

ment of the various collections of the British Museum, and the best means of rendering them available for the promotion of science and art." Substantially, the issue to be tried was, whether a resolution of the Trustees—or, to speak more correctly, a resolution dictated to them by Lord Palmerston, and carried only by the members of Government in their capacity of official trustees—recommending, or rather suggesting, the dispersion of the Museum, and, more particularly, the removal of the collection of Natural History to the Brompton Boilers, should be submitted for adoption by Parliament. The Committee, having discovered that the Government had been misled as to the price of the site at South Kensington, have reported in direct opposition to the Government proposition, and their opinion is against the removal of any portion of the present collection in Great Russell-street, except the ethnographical department and the portraits and drawings. The grounds on which the retention of the whole collection in one spot was advocated are, in fact, abandoned by the admission that the Sandwich Islanders' dresses and the New Zealand war-clubs are to go. The continuity of a fence is destroyed by a gap a foot wide; and the high and imposing principle that Great Russell-street should be the epitome of all the works of God, and of all the results of the learning, art, and science of man, is as thoroughly infringed by taking a single article from Bloomsbury as it would be by removing the Antiquities or the Natural History bodily. In point of fact, so large a principle never can be maintained in practice; and what the Committee has done is to knock on the head a job for aggrandizing what is itself but little more than a job—the South Kensington Museum, commonly called the Brompton Boilers. How the two parallel Reports—that on which we recently commented, recommending the South Kensington Museum to public confidence and a large subsidy, and the one before us, guaranteeing the integrity of the great Bloomsbury institution—can be worked together, we cannot pretend to say. Like all other parallel lines, they will never coincide; and how they are likely to be reconciled may be judged by the fact, that Mr. Robert Lowe was chairman of the South Kensington Committee, and substantially dictated its Report, and that he was also on the British Museum Committee, and generally voted in the minority in the divisions which took place in the preparation of its Report.

Sofar as regards the immediate decision of the Committee against removing the Natural History collection—especially against removing it to Brompton—we entirely concur in it. As matters stand, it will not be much dearer, and it will be ten times more convenient, that the British Museum should absorb at least the space immediately contiguous to it, than that it should be scattered. The arguments urged against removing the Natural History department—viz., that the British Museum is central, that it is connected with a scientific library, and that the expense and risk of the transfer, together with the necessity of providing a library, would more than counterbalance the supposed advantages of the change—prevailed, and, as we think, very properly. At any rate, let the British Museum fill up the space immediately surrounding it, as indicated by the flanking streets—let the great quadrilateral of art and science be first consolidated by building over the rectangle formed by Montague-street, Montague-place, Great Russell-street, and Charlotte-street—and this will at least last our time. No doubt, every fifty years the question will recur; and in half a century—if England, or, as the Committee prefer to call it, "the national life," lasts so long—it will be time enough to consider whether the natural boundaries must not be expanded, and, at all events, whether the whole space from Russell-square and Bedford-square inclusive to Holborn, should not (as it must be, according to the present rate of growth and increase of the collections) be annexed in permanence. We say the day of scattering is only postponed. Sooner or later, the Museum must fall in pieces from its own weight; and already the precedent of dissolution is set, as is generally the case when a vote is taken against dissolution. If the ethnographical collections are to go, as is rumoured, to the Victoria-park, the Botany will some day go to Kew. The Antiquities and Art will follow. Natural science will probably be the last to be ousted; but in the end a future Panizzi will be master of the field. The wily Italian who is at the head of the Museum knows this. As soon as he completed the new Reading-room, he knew that, come what might, that would never be removed; and with a library growing at the rate of nearer 30,000 than 20,000 volumes a-year, he is probably correct in his anticipation, "that if the whole site surrounding the Museum were to be purchased and applied to the present pressing wants for the exhibition of the collections, a time would necessarily arrive when no convenient space could be found available for the collection of printed books and MSS." This must be the result, as Mr. Panizzi, with engaging simplicity (Question 110), remarks, "if printing continues." We repeat, then, on this probable hypothesis—if England lasts, and if printing lasts—in the long run the Library must be master of the site and situation; or, "providing for the life of the nation," we must look forward to annexing the whole quarter of Bloomsbury in the year 1960.

The most curious feature in the evidence of the officials of the Museum is the characteristic wish displayed by the head of each department to aggrandize himself and his own collection at the expense of his neighbours and of all other departments. With the utmost courtesy, the Library thinks Natural History a

mere intruder; and, by way of reprisal, Natural History is perfectly ready to improve Art or Antiquities from off the face of Bloomsbury. The whole space which we have indicated as the present natural boundaries within the proposed quadrilateral, which will open the Museum premises to Bedford-square and Russell-square respectively, is only five acres and a half. The cost of acquiring this site is set down at 240,000*l.*, and the cost of covering it with galleries and buildings is estimated at 567,000*l.* more. The fittings and furniture may be set down, we conceive, at 100,000*l.*, so that it will require a trifle short of a million of money, in new buildings alone, to keep the Museum going, at its present rate of increase, on its actual site for half a century. How are these new buildings to be appropriated? Every keeper of every department makes large demands for additional space. The antiquities all want arranging in chronological order. Mineralogy demands its tens of thousands of square feet. Geology is cabined, cribbed, confined. As to the keeper of the Antiquarian department, he seems to be perfectly certain that, if he had but additional space to exhibit the treasures of ancient art, new Ninevehs and undiscovered Budrums and Carthages would rise from the dust of ages, each pressing to discharge its treasures in Great Russell-street. As it is, everything is in confusion and disorder. Egypt shoulders out Lycia, and Halicarnassus intrudes where Athens and Ægina should enjoy privacy and isolation. But, of all the demands for space, the Natural Historians are the most importunate; and, as befits his dignity and reputation, Professor Owen takes the lead. His evidence deserves the most careful study; and if proof were wanting of the sedulous attention which the first of living naturalists gives to the national collection of which he is so efficient an officer, it would be found in this evidence. But he must allow us to remark that, while we quite sympathize with his zeal for the efficiency and completeness of his own department, his demands upon space and his disregard of ways and means are really alarming. He states that, for the purposes of exhibition, not only every species but every variety of God's creatures should be assembled in the Museum. Nor does he stand alone. Other authorities complain of the inferiority of the national collection in the ornithological department. They contend that not only should we have the 8300 species of known birds—without looking forward to the almost certain additions to this formidable list which may be expected from the Eastern Archipelago—but that we should have egg and cock and hen of every species, if not of every variety, and all of them in their successive stages of growth and plumage. Varieties, Professor Owen tells us, since the publication of Mr. Darwin's book, are as important as species. He is daily disturbed by inquiries for those fifty varieties of the domestic pigeon of which so much is made in that revolutionary author's work—an author, by the way, who is very contemptuously spoken of by Dr. Gray, in connexion with "the fabulous romance of Biogenesis, and such authors as Buffon, Lamarck, and Darwin." Professor Owen is sorrowfully obliged to confess that the Museum has not the pouter, though it has the tumbler. He further complains that—though Dr. Gray here flatly contradicts his brother keeper—we have not a complete collection of British sharks. There are only twenty-three known specimens, and twenty-three are exhibited, says Dr. Gray. But the lack of sharks is not the only grievance of the great naturalist. When pressed by the Committee as to the actual space which Natural History ought to have, Professor Owen makes a clean breast of it. "With regard to the mammalia, we do not exhibit a single whale." "The whale," he goes on to remark, "is an animal upon which English capital, to the extent of millions, has been invested . . . it therefore seems to me to be one of the functions of the British Museum to preserve one good specimen, at least, of that animal," which is only ninety feet long. . . . "With regard to land quadrupeds, the largest are the elephants; there are the African, the Indian, the Sumatran . . . there ought to be a mammalian gallery, in which these species should be exhibited by a male of the full size, and also a female, and also the young." "We ought to have the large Sumatran rhinoceros, male and female. . . . We have not the largest bear—the grizzly bear. . . . We have no specimen of the elephantine seal"—a pretty little creature, some fifteen or twenty feet long. Then, as to fishes, the Professor is in despair because "sharks of thirty-five feet have been found on our coasts . . . we ought to have this shark, and in its full dimensions . . . we ought to exhibit the *Selache maxima* . . . I maintain we ought to exhibit the salmon in all its stages—the parr, the grilse, and every stage;" and, we beg to add, what is true of salmon is true of all fishes. Professor Owen further deplores the impossibility of giving specimens, actual or restored, of the greater fossils; and, remembering those pleasant creatures at Sydenham, we now begin to understand his demands upon space. In a fine spirit of indignant patriotism, he exclaims—"As we exhibit the American Mastodon, so we should also show our British Mammoths; then there is the great cave bear, the Megalonyx, the Machairodus; old extinct forms of oxen double the size of our largest bovine animals—such e. g., as the *Bos primigenius*, of which we might get the entire skeleton, to say nothing of the gigantic Sivatherium; then there is the *Dinornis giganteus*." But the crowning sorrow is, that we have not got that curious extinct whale called Zeuglodon, "which was bought for the Berlin Museum, and is seventy feet long." After this, it will not surprise anybody that Professor Owen wants buildings for himself and his single department alone—and wants them at once—"which will cover five

acres, if containing galleries on two floors; if upon one floor, ten acres." This is what we must have for Natural History alone, and this he calculates will only last some thirty years. Nor will it surprise anybody that, with great politeness, and a very delicate sense of their own faint-heartedness, "Your Committee recommend the adoption of the more limited kind of exhibition advocated by the other witnesses, in preference to the more extended method recommended by Professor Owen."

On the other hand, Dr. Gray, keeper of the zoological collection, seems to think that already we exhibit too much; and a very pretty dispute has arisen, whether the object of a museum is not better fulfilled by exhibiting types rather than individuals—though it is by no means agreed what a zoological type is. At any rate, we must say that the Scriptural paradox is likely to be fulfilled. The world itself will not contain the British Museum if every department is to be constructed and maintained on this gigantic scale, or if we are to be told that our Museum does not fulfil its object because it does not illustrate Mr. Darwin's theory of the prospective necessity of exhibiting varieties as well as species—incipient species as well as established species—in every stage, from the egg, or foetus, to the skeleton. The fact is, that we have not yet agreed upon what is the object, or idea, of a Museum; and till we have settled this rather important preliminary, the whole subject will be treated in a feeble, disjointed, hesitating, and inconsistent way. The British Museum, like the British Constitution, is an accidental growth—a casual accretion—and it is now too late and quite idle to settle its object and final cause, and to say that it was constructed and planned for a special purpose, which purpose it is bound for all time to fulfil. It is an accident—a very splendid accident—but it can only be managed from hand to mouth, and as difficulties and emergencies arise.

KING MACMAHON AND EXCALIBUR.

THIS is a proud day for old Ireland. There is no dissembling or blinking of the glorious fact. It is a proud day for "Misther" O'Brien and the Celts. By the blessing of God, the sword of the valiant General MacMahon has at last been finished, and, what is more, presented to its gallant master. For some little time it lay at No. 23, Wellington Quay, Dublin, bound in green velvet, in a bookseller's window. It was to be seen accordingly for nothing, which was an unspeakable comfort, from a financial point of view, to every true son of Erin, and patriots were allowed to stand outside upon the pavement, as long as the police would let them, without any extra charge. Everybody of course went to have a look. The Lord-Lieutenant, it was generally reported, had been twice (in disguise), and had come away trembling, if we may use the expression, at every pore. Great joy and paramount satisfaction on the other hand reigned among all real lovers of their country. Doctor MacHale, it was whispered, shut himself up in St. Jarlath's, and was engaged night and day, with three or four of the most poetical of his chaplains, in composing a national anthem for the occasion. The editor of the *Irishman* became unable to appear in public owing to sheer emotion, and burst out crying whenever he was spoken to about the necessary leading articles for his paper. The card-drivers of the Liffey were completely unmanned, and refused in a body, so it was said, to take a fare from any except Protestants and gaugers. On the other hand, the Saxons were downcast and dispirited. Nobody at the Castle (except of course the Chaplains), had been able to eat a morsel for days, or to get a wink of sleep for the thoughts of the redoubtable weapon. The young English officers of the garrison were selling out of the army in large numbers, and going into holy orders to be safe out of harm's way.

Meanwhile Excalibur—clothed in green velvet, mystic, wonderful—from its proud literary position in the bookseller's window, awaited presentation to its future master. It was taken over at last by Mr. Daniel O'Donoghue, M.P., to the camp at Chalons—who, as he is an Irish member of Parliament, was glad no doubt to get an opportunity of delivering an oration to anybody. Upon one side of the blade was carved in Celtic, and upon the other in French, this plain device—"Ireland oppressed, to Patrick Maurice de MacMahon, &c., descendant of her ancient Kings." We confess that we rather like this inscription. Widow Malone, sitting with a harp under a bog-oak, would not have been a bad idea, had it not been too obvious a reproduction of the famous *Judea Capta*. Then again, *Non Angli, sed Angeli* might perhaps have served to express at once the un-English sentiment and the angelic nature of the donors. But, considering everything, no doubt the motto chosen was the best. It is laconic—it is affecting—it is suggestive. On the whole, it reminds us of the empty sack which the Samians despatched by a herald to Sparta, as a tacit hint that they wanted a full one in return, more than of anything else in history. Ireland oppressed sends to her intended Liberator a sword. She leaves all further inference to be drawn by him to whom she sends it.

The character of the Celt, as contrasted with that of his Saxon oppressor, has been beautifully illustrated by this whole transaction of the sword. The Irish patriot may indeed be called—what the Edinburgh gentleman wished his future wife to be—a "confiding beastie." That is what makes the conduct of English tyrants so revolting. There is nothing skulking or mean about the Celt. He is not always afraid, like some people, of being taken into custody for high treason. He does not

attempt to hoodwink or to deceive the Lord-Lieutenant. He tells him and his minions, openly and fairly, that he is not going to be an hereditary bondsman. He subscribes in broad daylight to a sword for the General who is to deliver his country from thralldom. He selects a member of Parliament and justice of the peace to be the bearer of the rebellious weapon. He gets a passport, in the face of all England, from the English Foreign Office. If necessary, he would send a declaration of war to the English Executive, unsealed, by the medium of the penny post. There is something very noble about this indifference to consequences. A man who can look a policeman boldly in the face, must be a good man. That English tyranny should dare to treat such a person with simulated contempt shows the real nature of the indignities which Ireland has to endure. We say that it is very mean of the Dublin police to pretend not to notice a man like this, or to care what he is about. It is very hard upon him, it is indeed—and it renders the task of conspirators a thankless and a heartless one. A rebel, if he acts openly and honestly, and is rebellious and disorderly up to his lights, and as far as his poor abilities will allow, has a right to be taken some notice of by his tyrants. They have no business to ignore his existence, and thus to turn him into a kind of discontented political wallflower. He claims their most serious attention, and it is really very trying to a fine fellow who wishes to do his duty, fearing (as the Scotch minister remarked) neither God nor man, if he does not succeed in attracting it. This business of Excalibur is a very bad case of oppression. To feign indifference to the proceedings of a persecuted population is the last touch of despotic malignity. Nothing is so bitter as the sense of not having been observed. The Irishman whose leg was broken at Killarney, well remarked—"Sorra a bit did it matter his leg having been broken, but it was a sad throuble to him that the accident hadn't been seen by the ginty."

Now that the subscription for Excalibur is closed, and the presentation over, what little excitement can be got up among the finest "pisantry" in the world to keep things quiet and comfortable until the arrival of General MacMahon? We fear there is none available. We should have been quite in favour of a little collection for the Pope, if it had not been for his very ungentelemanly conduct towards the crusaders. Nothing could be more ill-timed, or, indeed, more ill-bred, than his fastidiousness on the subject of their personal appearance. Of course, he has for the present completely put himself beyond the pale of pecuniary relief. It is true, on the other hand, that the heroic exploits of General Garibaldi are presumptive evidence that, like Generals MacMahon and Neill, he is a lineal descendant of one of the many branches of the Brian Borus. But then he is a heretic, and is going to fight against his Holiness. It would clearly be out of the question to present him with anything except a tract. Marshal O'Donnell, the Prime Minister of Spain, is certainly Irish by name and by extraction; and, if the worst came to the worst, he might be given something. But not much is to be got out of him for purposes of agitation, and it would be rather difficult to make rural patriots understand who he was. The author of *La Question Irlandaise* is, we believe, a man of peace. It seems satirical to propose to give him a sword, but he might have an inkstand. And any money that was over might be devoted to presenting Mr. Smith O'Brien with the rifle for which he is so clamorous, and despatching him, at his country's expense, to Hythe, to undergo the regular course of musketry instruction.

The ceremony of presentation of the great sword itself was an interesting sight. As it no doubt took place in the Celtic tongue, it must have been a curiosity quite as great in its own way as the miracle plays at Salzburg. What were the feelings of Ireland's future monarch when he heard himself addressed for the first time in the dialect of his future subjects? Probably those of undisguised alarm, and, if it be true that in Celtic there are nothing but nominative cases, we may conjecture, of considerable bewilderment. With the assistance, however, of Mr. Daniel O'Donoghue, we trust that all was at last explained to him. After examining the portrait of the General, which the *Irishman* had distributed among its subscribers, we confess that we entertained serious doubts as to the safety of Mr. O'Donoghue on his foreign mission. We were decidedly of opinion that he ought to have stipulated for a safe-conduct. Still, we were unwilling to lay too much stress on the ferocious appearance of a mere print; and thought it quite possible that, by sitting near the door of the tent, and never taking their eyes off the sentry, the deputation might get through their personal interview in triumph. It is a comfort to know that all has passed over quietly, and that the deputation have got back again in spite of the ominous aspect of the picture. Mr. Daniel O'Donoghue, perhaps, may have found it a little difficult to render intelligible to the sovereign of his choice the indifference of Great Britain to the whole subject. Marshal MacMahon was very possibly at a loss to comprehend how an Irish magistrate—a member of Parliament—could be allowed to head a deputation whose object, if not treasonable, was at all events disloyal. A sous-prefect who came over to present to Lord Clyde the sympathies of oppressed France would most likely have to remain here some little time. Mr. O'Donoghue had occasion to explain, therefore, to the Monarch the difference between the despotic and insulting non-interference of the English Executive and the paternal solicitude of the French Government in all that concerns the loyalty of its subjects. He no doubt dwelt upon the extraordinary fatuity which

leads the Queen's Ministers to be perfectly indifferent about the comings and goings of Mr. Daniel O'Donoghue. It is a sad instance of the truth of the observation, *Quem Deus vult perdere prius dementat*, that England was so little disquieted by the movements of this great personage. Strangely enough, nobody seemed to care what Mr. Daniel O'Donoghue did with this or any other sword, provided he held it with the point upwards, and didn't hurt anybody in carrying it about. Whether he should continue to hold the Queen's Commission of the Peace is a question, indeed, for the Lord-Lieutenant. But it is not a very important one, and is far from being a matter of national interest. As for the brand Excalibur, by all means let the General have it, if it has been paid for.

THE HELMSHORE ACCIDENT.

WE believe that we shall neither interfere with the province of the coroner's jury engaged in the inquiry into the cause or causes of the Helmsore railway accident, nor be charged with forming a precipitate judgment, if we at once discuss the matter. In point of fact, the inquiry happens to be quite superfluous, except for its legal formality, not only because the very same results, under precisely the same circumstances, occurred a year or two ago on the Worcester line, but because all the evidence worth anything has been given, and lies in a nutshell. As we know why and how the one catastrophe occurred, so we are not left to conjecture about the other; for the station-master at Salford, in five minutes, told all that we want to learn. Excursion trains of between two and three thousand passengers, it is superfluous to observe, but may as well be premised, want more care, more mechanical appliances—that is, more moral and physical attention, and better and more efficient machinery—than ordinary trains. This simple consideration, and it covers and includes the whole inquiry, stands plain and clear above all the little minute and unimportant matters which it is the interest of all parties implicated to make the most of, more especially of that stereotyped individual who always appears at these investigations, the solicitor to the company, and "who, at the outset of the inquiry, is most ready and anxious to offer every assistance on the part of the Directors to further the interests of justice"—just as though the coroner's warrant could not bring the whole staff of the company before the jury. No doubt there will be in this case, as there always is, a scientific investigation into the character of the iron of the coupling chain or shackle which broke. We shall hear much of its fibre and tenacity; just as if any iron ever forged from the days of Tubal Cain would not break if too great a strain, or a jerk too sudden and violent, were applied to it. We hear, too, a good deal, much more than enough, about the share some wretched guard had of a gill of rum purchased for the consumption of a carriage full of Lancashire roughs. This remarkable incident, and that other most noticeable circumstance of how some porters, in the choice Mancunian dialect, asked an alms and received the munificent sum of three halfpence, are only produced before the coroner to throw dust in the eyes of the jury, and to hide the real issue to be considered. We state at once, that neither the touting for coppers nor the infinitesimally small share of rum had anything to do with the death of the ten poor creatures at Helmsore. The iron, it is true, broke; the guard was smoking, and perhaps beery; but had there been sufficient break-power, and sufficient and efficient men to work the breaks, the collision would not have taken place.

The only matter worth a moment's investigation is that broad and notorious fact, open to the knowledge of every human being who knows anything about railways, that excursion trains, requiring as they do more care than any ordinary train, receive less. What is already in evidence with respect to this frightful calamity? Mr. Cooper, station-master at Salford, proves the following facts:—At nearly midnight on Monday week three trains—or rather one train divided into three portions—leave Colne with a jolly company, swept from all Lancashire, who, on almost the first fine day in our autumn-summer, had been out for a junketting at some Bellevue Gardens, at Manchester. The train was a "cheap trip-train;" the day was St. Monday, whose cultus, if it is confined to tea and coffee at Manchester, differs from the ritos offered to this divinity in Middlesex. The day had been hot; and of course the passengers were not so much thirsty as in that condition in which drink suggests drink. No doubt the guard smoked his pipe, and partook of the "refreshments" of the excursionists. Is it of the nature of excursionists to be other than free of their liquor to guards, or of the nature of guards to be other than alive to these demonstrations of good-fellowship? If any of our readers ever used an excursion train, he would know that the stiffness and etiquette of an ordinary passenger train has no place in these free-and-easy, rollicking expeditions. Guardian and guarded are all on hail-fellow-well-met terms. The passengers sit on the tops of the carriages; song and noise are the order of the night. The train being crowded, it is a matter of course that the guard's carriage and the break-carriage—if there is one, which on this occasion there was not—are occupied by passengers. Well, at 10.50, train A starts from Salford with fourteen carriages, one engine, and two guards; at 11.10, train B starts with thirty-one carriages, two engines, and two guards—an ordinary train is intercalated at 11.21—and at 11.31, train C brings up the

rear of the excursionists in twenty-four carriages, with two engines, and two guards. The very first circumstance which forces itself upon one's notice is, that three midnight trains carrying 2500 people made a very trying and onerous addition to the day's work of the station-masters and porters at the several stations. If a company starts an excursion train, that company is bound to add an excursion staff of officers for the occasion. This does not appear to have been done in this case; indeed, everybody knows that it never is done. The train reaches Helmsore with a company at least jolly, and with officers who could not have been other than jaded. And, not only jaded, but insufficient in numbers; for what is the case according to the rule of three? If fourteen carriages, one engine, and five hundred people are only properly served with two guards, how many guards are required for thirty-one carriages and one thousand people? Answer: four guards and a fraction. But the fact is, that the thirty-one carriages had only two guards—thirty-one carriages, be it observed, being the very maximum number ever started in a single train, according to the evidence of Mr. Shaw, passenger-superintendent of the line. In reality, when the very moment of danger occurred at Helmsore, and when the coupling broke, the two guards were found to be reduced to one—the other being engaged doing porter's work to a noisy and troublesome lot of excursionists on the platform and at dark midnight. The consequence was that, when one-half the train ran backwards down the incline, upon which the pursuing contingent of excursionists in the second train was rapidly advancing, only one break was available. But there were three breaks to the train, and, had they all been in use, and had they all been manned, no doubt the catastrophe would have been avoided.

Now, let us look at the circumstances narrowly. Were the guards specially appointed for an extraordinary work? Not at all. "They were regular guards of passenger trains or of luggage trains, and were competent persons." This is the Company's defence; and, no doubt, they consider it to be triumphant. The fact, however, tells just the other way. If they were regular guards of regular trains they had all this extra work of the excursion trains put upon them; as had the station-masters and station-porters also. But were there really three breaks? Our notion, and the notion entertained by the Lancashire and Yorkshire Company of a break differs. "There were three breaks . . . they were not break-vans, but passenger carriages, with breaks worked from the outside; there was one of the breaks not under care of a guard . . . break-vans are not used for excursion trains, because the passengers do not carry luggage; but carriages with breaks are as efficient as vans with breaks . . . it is an advantage when there are two guards only to have extra breaks, because a guard can work several breaks on an incline." All which, translated into non-official English, means this—That in an excursion train, travelling at midnight, crowded with half tipsy people, after a long summer day's holiday, it is better and safer to have two guards, who have this arduous work in addition to their ordinary duties, seated among the jocund passengers, without lights in the carriages, instead of in special break-vans, and with "several breaks for one guard to work;" the breaks not being the best and most improved breaks in use.

Now, all this is according to the Company's ordinary practice. This is the rule of the Company—this is the evidence of Mr. Cooper, station-master at Salford, who started the trains. With this evidence the inquiry may fairly terminate. We want to know no more, and this much is quite enough to account for any accident to any excursion train. It is of very little moment now to waste time or words about the character of the iron, the power of the breaks, or the exact number of glasses of beer or stronger liquors which the guard or guards imbibed in their hot excursion-trip. The blame is with the Company. The break-power was inadequate. The line is, as we believe every line in England to be, undermanned, a fault, or crime, less excusable on this line than on almost any other, for we observe that the shares of the Yorkshire and Lancashire are at a considerable premium, and therefore we conclude that the concern is a profitable one. The Company's officer observes, "we do not find lights for excursion-trains." No; nor do they find additional guards, or a sufficient number of carriages; for, so unequal to the exceptional demand on their locomotive strength was the Company's stock, that they borrowed carriages on this very occasion from a neighbouring Company. Nor do they provide breaks adequate either in number or power to a sudden emergency—or extra porters at the intermediate stations to attend to those unruly crowds, jostling in and out of the carriages, which an excursion is sure to assemble—or break-vans, which common-sense teaches must be more efficient than carriages with breaks, inasmuch as they keep the guards separate from the passengers. With these facts in evidence, coupled with the necessity, incident to a monster excursion-party, of despatching trains at the hazardously close interval of twenty minutes, and these trains exceptionally difficult and awkward to deal with, both as regards their mechanical and moral conditions, we want no more evidence and no further investigation. It is quite likely to be found that the Lancashire and Yorkshire Company is not more negligent than its compeers. But the recurrence of these accidents, and under identical circumstances, leads to the conviction, not only that excursion trains are exceptionally dangerous in themselves, but

that they are exceptionally badly managed, and therefore perhaps may require exceptional legislation. The only consolation—though no consolation to the widows and orphans—is that this starving policy is the most expensive in the long run; and the Company will find good breaks and more servants to be cheaper than compensation money.

REVIEWS.

ESSAYS ON ECCLESIASTICAL BIOGRAPHY.*

THE most remarkable proof of Sir James Stephen's literary ability is to be found in the title-page, which shows that his *Essays* have reached a fourth edition. His style, though it indicates a full and thoughtful mind and a manly character, is too ponderous, and sometimes too ambitious, to satisfy a sensitive taste. The Epilogue, in which he propounds his own theological opinions, shows his deficiency in metaphysical accuracy of perception, for he deduces all religious knowledge from eleven or twelve independent sources of divine revelation. "Social instincts," "judicial instincts," "human authority," and the Bible, account for religious faith, as a phrenologist's map of the skull explains the character which it rudely analyses. "Thus, placed at the point of convergence of so many distinct beams of light, all originally issuing from the same heavenly source, yet all distorted, and discoloured, or obstructed in their progress by the mediums through which they pass, man, even when gifted with the clearest and strongest vision, cannot but be to a great extent perplexed and confused." There is much wisdom in the scholastic maxim, *Entia non sunt multiplicanda prater necessitatem*. The judicial instincts and the rest are by no means beams of light, although it is true that, by their supposed convergence, the mind of man may easily be to a great extent perplexed and confused. Sir James Stephen's historical and critical remarks elucidate his own theological position far more clearly than his elaborate exposition of a faith which, although it existed in an active and healthy understanding, was probably based on other than logical grounds. The popularity of his writings is in some degree to be explained by his thoroughly English combination of honesty and common sense with undoubting religious convictions. The sceptical element seems to have formed no inconsiderable ingredient in his intellectual constitution, but he had believed before he had thought, and faith, even where it was disfigured by superstition, was always sacred from his attacks. For this reason his Catholic biographies are unduly tolerant of lies, and he underrated the disadvantage which his modern Evangelical heroes must have incurred through their deficiency in learning, in mental vigour, in largeness of thought, and in practical wisdom. When Mabillon vindicated the authenticity of the "Holy Tear of Bethany," as preserved by the Benedictines of Vendôme, he might, in a certain sense, be the dupe of his own arguments; but a falsehood ingrained in the mind is more corrupting than if it were consciously uttered by the lips. A deceitful babbler may correct the vice of verbal mendacity, but the wilful believer in monastic mythology has succeeded in effacing from his understanding and conscience the sacred boundaries which divide truth from falsehood. Sir James Stephen describes, with great ability, and not without a sense of humour, the monstrous delusions which mediæval saints and their followers imposed on themselves and on the world; but he is perhaps too willing to assume that consummate virtue is compatible with the grossest intellectual obliquity. Mr. Carlyle takes a one-sided view when he describes Ignatius Loyola as "a kind of human pig;" but Sir James Stephen errs more widely in his toleration for the founder of the perverse and mischievous discipline of Jesuitism.

A similar bias may be observed in his account of one or two contemporary saints of a persuasion which happily dispenses with "holy tears" and physical miracles. His recollections of the celebrated Mr. Simeon are vivid, and even comic, and he is not insensible to the numerous intellectual imperfections which were represented by a whimsical exterior. "To a casual acquaintance he must frequently have appeared like some truant from the green-room, studying in clerical costume for the part of Mercurio, and doing it scandalously ill. Such adventurous attitudes, such a ceaseless play of the facial muscles, so seeming a consciousness of the advantages of his figure, with so seeming an unconsciousness of the disadvantages of his carriage—a seat in the saddle so triumphant, badinage so ponderous, stories so exquisitely unfitting him about the pedigree of his horses or the vintages of his cellar—the caricaturists must have been faithless to their calling, and the undergraduates false to their nature, if pencil, pen, and tongue had not made him their prey." Mr. Simeon's disciples admitted more, perhaps, than they intended to the disadvantage of their master. "Here," they said, "was a man beset by inveterate affectations, by the want of learning, by the want of social talents, by the want of general ability of any kind, by the want of interest in the pursuits of his neighbours, by their want of sympathy in his pursuits, by the want of their good will, nay, by the want of their decided and hearty animosity. Yet, thus unprovided for the contest, he gained a victory which," &c. Affectation is a superficial and pardonable fault,

* *Essays on Ecclesiastical Biography.* By Sir James Stephen, K.C.B. Fourth Edition.

and happily the great majority of mankind pass respectable lives without learning, general ability, or social talents; but ignorance, dulness, and weakness of character, however tolerable in private life, must be regarded as drawbacks in a theological teacher.

Sir James Stephen's reverence for piety rendered him singularly unexact in the requisites which might be thought indispensable to the prophetic office. The authoritative decision of doctrinal and exegetical controversies scarcely belongs to the unlearned, and the spiritual guidance of two or three generations of preachers might have afforded room for the exercise of considerable ability. It is understood that arguments which would be ridiculed in a drawing-room are good enough for the pulpit, and preachers frequently display in ordinary life a regard for truth and good sense which could scarcely be anticipated by the hearers of their sermons. That religious leaders should be the weakest and worst instructed members of their order is not, perhaps, a surprising discovery, but it is scarcely a subject for congratulation. Mr. Simeon was an amiable gentleman, blessed with an unhesitating belief in a particular bundle of theological dogmas. His solitary faculty consisted in a power of communicating his impressions to minds which had something in common with his own. If he had been thoughtful enough to doubt, and sufficiently learned to appreciate his own ignorance, he might not, perhaps, have had a single disciple. During his long residence at Cambridge, he attracted to his school the students in whom religious impulses predominated over intellectual activity. Scholars, logicians, and masculine minds in general, stood aloof from the mild and bigoted enthusiasm which, rejoicing in the possession of saving knowledge, repudiated all superfluous inquiry. Mr. Simeon's "victory" consisted of a triumph over camp-followers and non-combatants, and his disciples have been ousted, even from the direction of feminine consciences, since the rise of a more refined and ornate form of sentimental devotion. Sir James Stephen excepted the Tractarians from the toleration which he extended to almost every other religious persuasion. He could forgive Popish saints for floating like spirit-rapping mediums in the air, and earnest Protestants for suppressing in practice the private judgment which they noisily proclaimed; but the Oxford movement of twenty years ago alarmed his prejudices and offended his taste. Every man has a right to a pet aversion, as well as to a private hobby, and, on the whole, it is more remarkable that Sir James Stephen should have admired unreflecting enthusiasm, than that he should have disliked ritual antiquarianism. His respect for credulity probably arose from a consciousness of sceptical propensities which early education had taught him to regard with suspicion. His secular habits of thought, operating on his sectarian associations, qualified him in many respects for the office of an ecclesiastical historian. Incomplete sympathy furnishes no bad preparation for judicial impartiality. In assenting to a canonization, Sir James Stephen always recites the unsuccessful arguments of the Devil's Advocate, and the temperate worshipper, while he accords all proper veneration to the new saint, has consequently the opportunity of knowing that there was something to be said on the other side of the question.

The amount of reading which is indicated by the *Essays* and by the *Lectures on French History*, seems, at first sight, incompatible with the absorbing occupations of a permanent Under-Secretary, but, except in the case of born scholars, the intervals of busy life are more favourable to effective study than unbroken leisure. There are many spare hours in the most active official career, and when the pursuit of knowledge is practised as a recreation, the difficulty of concentrating the attention and impressing the memory is reduced to its lowest point. Hildebrand and Luther must have furnished a welcome change from the preparation of Orders in Council about West Indian negroes and Australian Constitutions, and the tact and experience of the practised functionary may often be traced in the discussion of historical questions. The accounts of the Catholic Puritans of the Port-Royal are the most careful and laboured of all Sir James Stephen's compositions, and to some readers they are peculiarly acceptable on account of the novelty of a subject which has scarcely been noticed by any other English writer. As usual, the somewhat excessive tolerance of his general judgments is tempered by an acute perception in detail of the defects which are inseparable from superstition and asceticism. It is perhaps desirable that even monastic virtues should be vindicated from the unqualified repugnance which they have a tendency to provoke, and a genuine interest attaches to the last efforts of independent thought within the rigid limits of modern Roman Catholic orthodoxy. It was not altogether the fault of the Port-Royalists and Jansenists that their struggles ended in nothing.

Records of personal experience are incomparably more interesting than literary compilations; and by far the most valuable of the *Essays* are the *Memoir of Wilberforce* and the biographical accounts of the "Evangelical Succession" and the "Clapham Sect." The Evangelical philanthropists seem to have been the happiest and most prosperous as well as the most virtuous of mankind. If Clapham had not been a school of religion and benevolence, it would have been the most agreeable of clubs. Good-tempered gentlemen in easy circumstances passed their lives in pleasant conversation on the lawns or in the dining-rooms of comfortable villas; and, while they were exempt from the

oppression of solitude, a common purpose relieved their intercourse from the weariness which always attends the indolent enjoyment of society. With slaves to emancipate, schools and churches to organize, and Bibles to sow broadcast on good ground and on barren rocks, the Wilberforces, the Smiths, and the Thorntons made the best of this world by the same process which served as the best preparation for the next. The leader of the society was a born orator, and his benevolence provided the best subject-matter for his speeches. His natural tendency to innocent dissipation was cultivated by an incessant variety of small employments, and his positive religious convictions were undisturbed by any shade of difference in the circle which he frequented and adorned. The pleasant family life of Clapham was far more rational than the useless mortifications of professed religious brotherhoods, and it is not surprising that Sir James Stephen's affections should have clung to the early associations which, nevertheless, appear scarcely to have satisfied his maturer judgment. The protest of the Evangelical sect against worldly recreation is not heroic in the extent of self-denial which it involves. There is as much amusement in gossiping about Bible-meetings as in talking politics—the excitements of Exeter Hall are secular, though they may be harmless, and a religious dinner-party is a dinner-party still.

The defect of a society such as that which existed at Clapham consists not in the repudiation of useless asceticism, but in the small proportion which serious thought bears to sentiment and to outward activity. Mr. Zachary Macaulay and the elder Mr. Stephen were probably able men of business, but Mr. Wilberforce, though he had undoubted genius, possessed neither the power nor the habit of reflection, and his associates, whether lay or clerical, were more remarkable for active zeal than for logic or learning. Their benevolent piety has since curdled into the Pharisaical acidity of the *Record*; yet it seems harsh to criticise an organization which effected so much actual good, although the narrowness of the theories with which it was connected has since produced an inevitable reaction. Sir James Stephen's description of the Clapham society is in a high degree attractive, and his portrait of Wilberforce is in some parts peculiarly felicitous. The superiority of a kindly gentleman to a monk or a Puritan fanatic is happily illustrated, though "the biographers of Mr. Wilberforce have no romantic tale to tell, nor have they been required to exhibit human virtue on any gigantic or inimitable scale. In promoting his schemes of beneficence Mr. Wilberforce moved with the graceful freedom which seemed to exclude every notion of effort or of self-denial. Even in his most irksome works of mercy, the refined ease of a gentleman attended him, for to be turgid or ostentatious was as impossible to him as to be unfeeling. He would render the lowliest offices of personal kindness to his domestic servants, or to any neighbouring cottager, with the same flowing courtesy with which he exchanged the amenities of society among his equals. During many years of his life he devoted to acts of munificence from a third to a fourth part of his annual income, and the money so freely given was ever accompanied by some greeting so kindly or so gay as to soothe the every painful sense of obligation." After all, a husband, a father, and a county member, may be worth a whole calendar of half-starved, semi-human anchorites.

Mr. Fitzjames Stephen introduces the present edition of the *Ecclesiastical Biography* with a prefatory notice of his father's character, which is principally remarkable for its severe conciseness. As a permanent Under-Secretary, Sir James Stephen took an important part in the organization and government of all the British Colonies; but, according to his son, "the understanding upon which the permanent offices in the Civil Service of the Crown are held is, that those who accept them shall give up all claim to personal reputation on the one hand, and shall be shielded from personal responsibility on the other." The editor accordingly disclaims any wish to demand posthumous fame for an administrator who, as it were, occupied an anonymous position. "There are men who do not understand success in life to include, of necessity, any very general or brilliant reputation either amongst their contemporaries or their successors. . . . It was not the least of the many instances of his prosperity that the retirement in which the busiest part of his life was passed to a great extent protected him, and will no doubt protect his memory, against unjust censure and ignorant praise." All wise men will concur in Mr. Stephen's proud indifference to the empty reward of notoriety, and it might even be suggested that unjust censure and ignorant praise affect the dead as little as silence and oblivion. It is not equally true that "the public has no concern with the private life and personal character" of an able public servant, who was also a successful writer. The table of prohibitions on account of consanguinity is as applicable to biography as to marriage, for the judgment of a wife or a son would be indecorous if it could possibly be impartial; but a *Memoir of Sir James Stephen*, by some competent friend, would probably record a life in which action and study combined in harmonious proportion to make up a grave and manly character. The maxims and habits of his official life might be described without any violation of an official secrecy which, after twenty years, is probably not extravagantly sensitive. The biography of wise and good men is the most instructive portion of literature, and the permanent Civil Service has never yet contributed a specimen to the National Portrait Gallery.

DEVON AND CORNWALL.*

WE lately expressed our satisfaction with a guide-book to the Isle of Wight. We have now to express our dissatisfaction with another guide-book of the same series, devoted to the coasts of Devon and Cornwall. This volume bears upon its cover a quotation from Lord Bacon recommending the use of "some card or book describing the country" in travelling, and we are left to infer that the author or publisher, or both, consider that if Lord Bacon, when a junior barrister, had shut up his chambers and started for a vacation ramble, he would have chosen such a guide as we have now before us. But we do not think Lord Bacon could possibly have tolerated the fine writing of the Reverend Mackenzie Walcott. We doubt whether he would have cared to read that, at a certain point on the coast of Devon—it does not in the least matter where—"the view is very fine, with the waves ever chafing and booming under the cliff, in which a natural arch has been hollowed out by the billows of the eternal sea." We would, at any rate, very much rather not read this sort of thing ourselves, and we must protest most strongly against foisting such verbiage into what ought to be a plain and practical aid to the tourist's observation. We object equally to the sea being called "dark blue," and to "swelling hills," "glassy brooklets," and "laughing waters," and we would suggest that, if the author insists upon displaying "a nice derangement of epitaphs," he might content himself by applying well-chosen adjectives to the dinners, the liquors, the beds, and the charges which he met with at the hotels he visited. "Laughing water" means nothing, but in the county of Devon "sound pale ale" would mean a great deal to tourists who cannot thrive on cider.

This book can only be compared to the classical dictionaries used at schools before Dr. Smith arose, in which the exploits of Achilles, and of Alexander, and the amours of the Olympian Jove, and of the Triumvir Anthony, are narrated as if they were all equally matters of undoubted history. Under the head of "Dawlish" we have what is certainly called a "legend," explaining why two rocks are named the Parson and Clerk. We cannot give the story. It must suffice that, by the devil's agency, a wicked parson and his attendant clerk were turned into rocks—not certainly rocks to build a church upon—"and when the storm-wind blows the cry of the imprisoned spirits is heard quivering on the gale." The tourist who relied implicitly on his guide-book would just as much expect to hear the cry of the imprisoned spirits as to see the wall of the South Devon railway. But perhaps the author only means to say that, when the wind blows you hear it blow—a phenomenon which may be observed in other places besides Dawlish. We notice that, throughout the book, anything particularly silly is usually stated on the authority of the "old folks." Perhaps old fools might be found to repeat such trumpery, but the wonder is to find an educated man to listen to it. We have three or four pages about the pixies and other superstitions which are alleged to be peculiar to Devon, but nearly all of it is to be found in books which amuse children, and are generally called fairy tales. However, we had certainly not heard before that Judge Jeffreys is supposed to haunt a ruinous house in the shape of a black pig; nor do we care to hear it now. The author must know that there is scarcely an old house in all the country which has not some such idle tale for those who choose to pick them up. But here, at any rate, the distinction between fact and fiction is observed. A little farther on occurs sad confusion between the two. "The Dart rises under the tall granitic pillar of Cranmere, beside a pool planted by the earthquake, where the lost spirits wail at night." Here are three statements, in a single sentence, of which the first is derived from observation, the second from conjecture, and the third from the author's poetical imagination; and yet all are propounded as equally valuable for the tourist's guidance. On Dartmoor, the "old folks" say that the snow is printed with the tracks of "a black headless dog." The "old folks" must be wise in Devon if they can tell by a dog's tracks that he has no head. We are also informed—whether on the authority of the "old folks" or of the writer, is not quite clear—that, "when the storm-winds are loosed on Dartmoor, sweeps down a ghastly chase—the wild huntsman," &c. We are quite sure that the "old folks" do not talk about "storm-winds;" and we suspect that all this means only that Dartmoor is a gusty place. There is much parade in the book of description of peculiar customs, some of which appear to us not to differ from very common ones. Thus, at a place in Cornwall, on Shrove Tuesday, the children go about asking for a "colperra." We should recommend any tourist, who travels so early in the year, to try whether he cannot get rid of their importunity by offering what is called, in other parts of the world, a "copper." But still there are strange usages. Thus, at Plymouth, the troops march "to the rattle of the brass drums, and the blare of martial music"—or it may be that here the author applies his epithet to what appears to the prosaic reader to be the wrong substantive, falling for the moment into an Æschylean choric style not often used in Guide-books.

This author jumbles up his own conceits and those of writers

with whom he has a sympathy, and adds to the whole a local colouring which renders it impossible to say whether he means to be understood as giving us truth or fable. Thus we are told that at Harewood House Mason laid the scene of his *Elfrida*, and then of course we get the story; but whether Mr. Walcott really believes, and wishes his readers also to believe, that any such events occurred at the place which he happens to have reached in his guide-book, we cannot tell. As a sample of the silliness—for we can use no milder term—which marks the book, we will quote the conclusion of this tale of *Elfrida*:—"At nightfall, under the trees of Wilverley, lay Ethelwold, with an arrow in his heart; and on the brow of his treacherous widow King Edgar set the crown—a ceremonial which, as Mr. Bray prettily imagined, gave name to Crown-dale." Mr. Bray's writings, which contain this pretty imagination, we have not had the misfortune to be called upon to review. The notion that King Edgar, when he went out shooting, happened to take with him a crown so as to put it upon the head of the lady for whom he obtained a summary divorce, belongs to an order of thought much more congenial to Mr. Bray and Mr. Walcott than to ourselves. Mr. Bray's conjecture appears to us to be an example of the most foolish style in which a guide-book can be composed. Mr. Walcott no doubt thinks that he himself has "prettily imagined" many things, and also has prettily said many. But, if he is to compose another guide-book of this series, we do hope he will be sent inland. The sea is, perhaps, more provocative of nonsense than any other topic he could take in hand; and really his book has produced on us very much the feeling which causes steam-boat passengers to request the assistance of the steward. Here is a passage which, no doubt, the writer thought very fine. There is a river with a bar at its mouth, which forces back the water. Periodically the bar is cut through by the inhabitants of the place. "The meeting of the waters is described as grand and impressive, when the land-flood, with an impetuous torrent, beats back the waves, swelling and roaring, with deep troughs and eddies, as it sweeps on like a charge of horse." Waves have been compared to troops, and troops to waves a thousand times:—

Then from the charge they drew,
As mountain-waves from wasted lands
Sweep back to ocean blue.

Such lines as these are very well in their own place, which is not a page of a small guide-book. Even of them we may observe that Sir Walter Scott calls ocean "blue" in obedience to the exigency of rhyme, while no such excuse can be offered for Mr. Walcott. We have before complained of his calling the sea "eternal," although we admit that he may plead a precedent in the Transatlantic phrase, "eternal smash." He must use this adjective, we think, in the sense of very long, or large, and not in its proper sense; because in another place he falls into a fine frenzy, and promises a better land, "where there shall be no sea." Perhaps, with the addition of a little grog, a sailor would consider such a description of Heaven very alluring. This writer is copious in religious and moral lessons, and our only objections to them are, first, that they have no business in a guide-book; and, secondly, that the reverend author deals with many silly superstitions as if he believed in them himself. A vessel laden with a peal of bells for Forrabury Church had on board a pious pilot and a blasphemous captain. The vessel was lost. The pilot, of course, saved. "Still, beneath the water, before the storm, are heard the bells tolling solemnly; and from Tintagal steeple the warning still sounds:—

Come to thy God in time."

It is quite possible that the listener may fancy these words in the chimes of Tintagal, but impossible, we should think, that he could fancy bells tolling in the sea. But, taking Mr. Walcott literally, both these statements which he makes are as true as that there is a rock at the Land's End.

The utmost praise we can bestow upon this book is that another book more silly has been written about some of the same localities. If Mr. Walcott wants to study under a master, or rather mistress, in the art of composing feeble nonsense, let him buy a book called *Sea-Side Pleasures*, which contains more of that article in less space than his own. There is a passage in this last-named book about "the wild donkey" which belonged to the Lord of the Manor of Lynton, which may show Mr. Walcott that other collectors of puerilities have been in some places more industrious than he. But we admit that Mr. Walcott is good at the Valley of Rocks, where "the only sound is the roar of the ocean, or the scream of the carrion-bird." We did happen ourselves to hear also at that romantic spot the sound of the drawing of corks; but then we were not meditating a guide-book, nor were our minds properly attuned to the highest of "sea-side pleasures," one of which appears to be washing down sandwiches with cold water. We had our doubts as to the sex of the author of the little book which bears the title of *Sea-Side Pleasures*, until we came to the following scrap of dialogue between the guide and the visitors:—"Would you please to like a little water after your sandwiches, ladies and gentlemen? Thank you, it is just what we should be glad of." This water is, or was, kept in jars for visitors, whether warranted "old in bottle" does not appear. But, in the next page, the author says very candidly, "We thought of the marriage at Cana of Galilee, and of the six water-pots which were the occasion of our Lord's first miracle." Certainly, if on a hot day in the Valley of Rocks, we

* *A Guide to the Coasts of Devon and Cornwall: Descriptive of Scenery, Historical, Legendary, and Archaeological* by Mackenzie Walcott, M.A., of Exeter College, Oxford. London: Stanford.

Sea-Side Pleasures. Published under the direction of the Committee of General Literature and Education, appointed by the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge. London.

had been so rash as to eat sandwiches—say of very salt ham—and there were no liquor near but fine old water, we should think with regret that that miracle could only be approximately imitated by the infusion of a little pure cognac. But whether it is worth the while of the Christian Knowledge Society to publish accounts of wild donkeys, and of good old men who bottle water and will not act as guides on Sunday, is not for us to say. At the end of the book the reader is called upon “to exclaim, with Elizabeth Smith, ‘a happy day like this is worth enjoying.’ It seems to tune the soul for heaven.” We made ourselves no such exclamation, but one springing from a less contented frame of mind. Still, we hope that the Christian Knowledge Society will publish another little book, in which they will tell us something about Elizabeth Smith, and whether, on the happy day when she made a picnic to the Valley of Rocks, she had for luncheon sandwiches and sound old water. But, seriously, it is a great affliction that almost every author of a guide-book wanders at pleasure into religion and morals, and history and fiction, besides quoting poetry abundantly, and writing, still more abundantly, what is meant for most poetical prose. Mr. Walcott’s guide-book is written upon the model of a rambling rhyme in one of Scott’s novels:—

Oh! in Skipton-in-Craven
Is never a haven,
But many a day foul weather;
And he that would say
A pretty girl nay,
I wish for his cravat a tether.

The only difference is, that that was vigorous and this is namby-pamby writing.

MEMOIRS OF BISHOP HURD.*

HAPPILY it is not for us to form an opinion whether it was worth while to exhume, so to say, the memory of this almost forgotten prelate. But, as the task has been undertaken and accomplished, we may well criticise the method of its execution. Mr. Kilvert, who has had a labour of love, it would seem, in compiling this memoir of a distinguished connexion of his family, has done his part with great skill and judgment. We give him the highest credit for his taste and general good sense in the selection and annotation of Bishop Hurd’s letters and remains. It is not his fault that the subject of his biography does not rise above the level of mediocrity, and that neither the deeds nor the words of Bishop Hurd are likely to be very instructive, or even interesting, to the present generation.

The first thought that strikes us on perusing the Memoirs of this Bishop—and it is the same with most biographies of churchmen of the last century—is the great contrast between the average education and intellectual ability of the clergy in those days and in our own. At that time the learned clergy seem to have been in a minority, and almost any man of considerable reading or attainments was pretty sure of professional distinction. It is the rarest thing, for example, to find an eighteenth-century prelate corresponding familiarly and on terms of equality with any of his brethren who are not dignitaries or on the high road to preferment. The impression left upon our mind is, that there must have been a large and contented body of “inferior clergy,” who neither expected, nor perhaps deserved, promotion; while the comparatively few who had distinguished themselves at the Universities, or in any branch of literature, were seldom without their full share of the prizes of the Church. Of course, then, as now, there was great dissatisfaction as to the disposal of ecclesiastical patronage; but still the competition was not severe, and merit, in the long run, seems to have been generally rewarded. But this state of things is by no means the case now. On the one hand, an extraordinary impulse has been given to theological learning, and on the other, in an equal ratio, the dignities and well-endowed posts of honour have been reduced or wholly abolished. The consequence of this is, that numbers of well-educated men, who would do honour to the highest ranks of their profession, are now to be found not only among the undistinguished, but even among the unbeneficed clergy. The evil, however, is correcting itself; and the most far-seeing observers, as has often been pointed out in these columns, are beginning to lament the intellectual and social deterioration of the present candidates for ordination. In another generation or two, perhaps, when the bulk of the English clergy are again ill-bred and ill-taught, the possession of any superior qualifications for high office will command its reward. In the meantime, it is curious to be reminded of a past state of things when an unbeneficed clergyman was compassionately called “poor Mr. So-and-so,” and when, in return for a long course of snubbing, he was expected to be transported with joy and gratitude at receiving some inconsiderable living. This, for instance, was the experience of Bishop Hurd’s unfortunate curate, one Mr. Ball. And when the genial Warburton, led away by his exuberant spirits, behaved with ordinary civility to one of the inferior clergy, the fact was solemnly chronicled. Thus we read, in a quotation given from Mr. Cradock’s Reminiscences, when a charity sermon was to be preached by Bishop Warburton in the church of St. Lawrence Jewry, how affable he was in the vestry. “He was beyond

measure condescending and courteous, and even graciously handed some biscuits and wine on a salver to the curate who was to read the prayers!”

Bishop Hurd, who is best remembered by classical students for his criticisms on Horace, and by theologians for his Warburtonian Lectures on Prophecy, was a self-made man. He was born at Penkridge, in Staffordshire, in January 1719-20, being the son of a small farmer. After being educated at the grammar-school of Brewood, he was sent to Emmanuel College, Cambridge, as a sizar, in 1733. His B.A. degree was conferred in 1738-9, when he was only just nineteen years of age, and he was soon elected to a Fellowship of his College. Ten years later, he made the acquaintance of Warburton, whose firm friend he remained through life, and whose panegyrist and biographer he subsequently became. No two men could be more unlike in temper and character. For Warburton was as impetuous, and hearty, and demonstrative as Hurd was cold, calculating, and pedantic. But, as is often the case, dissimilarity of disposition was no bar to their friendship. Dr. Balguy, who afterwards declined the see of Gloucester, was another of Hurd’s intimate friends from his Cambridge days to the end of his life. It is from Hurd’s correspondence with this excellent scholar that Mr. Kilvert makes his most interesting extracts. Thus, in 1750, we have him describing a London dinner-party at the house of Mr. Allen, of Prior Park, “where,” he says, “I met Mr. Fielding—a poor, emaciated, worn-out rake, whose gout and infirmities have got the better even of his buffoonery.”

This somewhat ill-natured criticism is, as we shall have occasion to remark hereafter, rather characteristic of its author. Hurd’s temper was never very good, and his manner was proud and forbidding. His present biographer acknowledges that he lost his temper and his discretion in his controversies with Jortin and Leland, which he undertook in behalf of his friend and patron Warburton. Horace Walpole had a hearty contempt for him, and represents him as a very unpopular man; and Dr. Johnson said of him—with reference to his cautious deliberation—“Sir, he’s a word-picker.” To which some one replied, as Cradock tells us, “Yes, Dr. Johnson, he always appears to me to be so very precise, that I term him an old maid in breeches.” The same anecdote tells the following story of the Bishop when near the close of his life:—

Of all the men I ever knew, Hurd, as a country divine, carried the loftiest carriage. No person at times in highest life looked with more disdain on little folks below, or, to speak more correctly, on unlearned folks. When Mr. Mainwaring paid his last visit to Dr. Hurd, then Bishop of Worcester, it was his public day. His Lordship, always rather irritable, was now become considerably capacious and peevish, and, Mr. Mainwaring at dinner giving some account of the French emigrants he had seen in passing through Worcester, his Lordship suddenly exclaimed, laying down his knife and fork, “Have I lived to hear the Lady Margaret’s Professor of Cambridge call it emigrant?” The company was struck with astonishment, and the Professor only coolly replied, “My Lord, I am certainly aware that the *i* in the Latin of *emigro* is long, but modern usage —” “Nay, Sir, if you come to modern usage, I can certainly say no more.” Mr. Mainwaring, considering his Lordship’s age and increasing infirmities, said no more.

But to resume our sketch of Hurd’s life. In 1756, we find him taking sea-bathing at “Brightelmstone;” and later in the year accepting the college living of Thurstaston, in Leicestershire. Here he lived for a time in great retirement, having little or no intercourse with his neighbours. “Considering his literary and studious turn,” says Mr. Kilvert, “and the general tone of country and clerical society a century ago, this is not to be wondered at.” But he was visited by his University friends, and among them by Mason, who helped to lay out his garden and plant his roses, “boasting that he knew exactly where every rose ought to be planted.” Here, too, we are told, Hurd drank Twining’s Hyson, at seventeen shillings a pound, finding that that tea never affected his nerves. At last Warburton paid him a week’s visit, and finding the place dull, insisted that his host should call with him upon his neighbours, and ask some of them to dinner. But he never repeated the experiment. In 1765 he was elected Preacher of Lincoln’s Inn, and two years later Bishop Warburton made him Archdeacon of Gloucester. His promotion was now rapid. George III. so admired his Moral and Political Dialogues that he made him Bishop of Lichfield and Coventry in 1774; and in 1776, on the resignation of Dr. Markham, he appointed him preceptor to the Prince of Wales and the Duke of York. Hurd writes in that year to his friend Balguy—“The young Princes (I do not say it for form’s sake, and in the way of compliment) are extremely promising.” His letters, however, often speak of this preceptorship as a rather hard bondage. In 1781 our Bishop was translated to the richer diocese of Worcester, which he held till his death in 1808, having had the courage to say *nolo archiepiscopari* when offered the primatial see of Canterbury, on the death of Cornwallis, in 1783. At Hartlebury Castle, the episcopal residence of Worcester, Bishop Hurd built a library of large dimensions, for the accommodation of Bishop Warburton’s books, which he left as his legacy to the see; and there he died, aged eighty-nine, in 1808.

Madame D’Arblay’s Diary in several places notices Hurd’s formal annual visits to Windsor. Miss Burney admired his manners, conversation, and preaching extremely. “Piety and goodness,” she says, “are so marked on his countenance, which is truly a fine one, that he has been named, and very justly, ‘The Beauty of Holiness.’ Indeed, in face, manner, demeanour, and conversation, he seems precisely what a Bishop should be,

* *Memoirs of the Life and Writings of the Right Rev. Richard Hurd, D.D., Lord Bishop of Worcester.* With a Selection from his Correspondence and other unpublished Papers. By the Rev. Francis Kilvert, M.A., Editor of “The Literary Remains of Bishop Warburton.” London: Bentley. 1860.

and what would make a looker-on, were he not a Bishop, and a see vacant, call out, 'Take Dr. Hurd! that is the man.'

Mr. Kilvert has scarcely done justice to the Bishop of Worcester's memory in his dealings with civil and ecclesiastical politics. In these respects we require more facts and more copious illustrations of his letters. Hurd seems to have been a Whig in early life, but to have changed his opinions towards its close. This was accounted for by his enemies by his close connexion with the Court. The discussions about subscription and the ecclesiastical controversies of the time, referred to in some of his letters, are now unintelligible to the general reader without a key. We find the Bishop, in an epistolary argument with Dr. Balguy, in 1787, taking an extreme view of the duty of a civil ruler with respect to the religion of his subjects. His correspondent, on the other hand, held far more enlightened views on the matter. In particular he objects to what he considers "a new mode of oppression in Bengal," namely, the "compelling the poor Indians to maintain a Christian priesthood." We have already spoken of the cold reserve of Bishop Hurd's temper. His biographer makes the best of it by comparing it with the fastidiousness and over-refinement which characterized Gray, and Mason, and others of the Bishop's Cambridge contemporaries and friends. He does not deny, however, that he was supercilious and bitter in controversy. In fact, Hurd's letters are often only relieved from dullness by the sharpness of his remarks upon his opponents, and his plainspoken criticisms on the contemporary literature of his day. For instance, in speaking of Bishop Hayter, then of Norwich, he says:—"The oily smoothness of this prelate ran over upon me in all manner of civilities," and afterwards he talks of his "intrigues" with great contempt. Horace Walpole's *Castle of Otranto* is "an absurd composition," and its preface "most miserable." Priestley is "a wretched coxcomb, and of a violent spirit;" and afterwards he speaks of that philosopher's "nonsense," "impertinence," and "folly." His learned audience at Lincoln's Inn are plainly called "demi-pagans" in a letter to a friend. Poor Bishop Butler of Oxford, and afterwards of Hereford, is "a prostitute man;" while Bishop Shipley of St. Asaph is a still greater object of dislike. "In good truth," he says, with these significant italics, "this good man is a very coxcomb." On the whole, he had a poor opinion of his episcopal brethren. "These good prelates," he says of two of them, "are as civil to me as if it were in my power to do them any service." David Hume is called, naturally enough, "that enemy of all godliness." Hurd declined to read Paley's *Moral Philosophy* on its first appearance in 1785, with the remark, "It is not for any man at this time of day to compose a system of morals." "As to Gibbon," he says, writing to Balguy in 1788, "I have read a part of his third volume. Though a writer of sense, parts, and industry, I read him with little pleasure. His loaded and luxuriant style is disgusting to the last degree; and his work is polluted everywhere by the most immoral as well as irreligious insinuations." We doubt whether some of these and the like extracts should not have been suppressed by the editor. Men may often write in unguarded terms about their contemporaries, in familiar correspondence, what they would be very sorry to see published to the world. Hurd was certainly not a very amiable man, but we have no reason to think, in spite of his snarls, that he was bad-hearted. If not popular generally, at least he made and kept some very warm friends. He never married, and would seem, indeed, from several hints, to have been a misogynist. Yet he was not rude or overbearing; for, as it is upon record, the old King "spoke of him as the most naturally polite man he had ever known." The fact seems to be, that he had the peculiarly academic fault of "donnishness." Thus he governed his diocese with great preciseness, even reviving the old Latin formulae for episcopal rescripts. And to the last, although Hartlebury Castle was only a quarter of a mile from the parish church, he would attend service in state, going in his coach with his servants in their dress liveries. Mr. Kilvert, we may observe, sums up his character with much felicity of expression, though, as we think, with too favourable a bias, in an inscription, in lapidary Latin, "in the Bishop's own favourite manner," appended to his Memoirs. Finally, he adds a number of extracts, of various degrees of merit, from Hurd's *Commonplace Book*, letters, and published works, including a selection of characters of historical personages. The result is a volume which, if not of any special interest, will be a useful addition to the biographical shelf of a library, and will often be referred to with profit by the student of the literature and Church politics of the latter half of the last century.

ITALY IN TRANSITION.*

A BOOK giving an account of Italy in the spring of the present year is sure to possess some interest, and yet is not likely to be very interesting. We feel too genuine a sympathy with Italian liberty not to find pleasure in refreshing our recollections of the ardour with which the Kingdom of Victor Emmanuel was welcomed by his new subjects; but we knew it all before we began to read. Mr. Arthur describes, with feeling and enthusiasm, such scenes as the King's entry into Florence; but the correspondents of the daily papers gave as good, or better

descriptions half a year ago. Some slight pieces of information in the political world he has to give us, but they are necessarily slight. He conversed with many persons of every rank and in every city, and he tells us that the remark was general that the Emperor had paid himself with Savoy, and that the Italians now knew that England was their real friend. There is no reason to doubt that such remarks were common and that the speakers were sincere. As, according to our views, this is the exact truth, and that Savoy was the acquittal of a debt, and that Italy has, in a great measure, to thank England for being left alone, is only a simple statement of facts, we need not wonder that the truth should have presented itself to the minds of the people principally concerned with it. But observations of this sort, however sincerely spoken, seldom convey all the thoughts of the speaker when it is to a foreigner that they are addressed. The Italians wish to be on good terms with Englishmen, and they naturally present the side of their politics that an Englishman would like best to see. In the same way, any one who has travelled in the Savoy Alps this year knows that, when they speak to an Englishman, the inhabitants always say they were compelled to vote for annexation. Either they feel ashamed of the vote, or they think it will please the English to learn that shame is felt. But who can be sure that to a French traveller the same vote is not spoken of as the greatest gain Savoy ever had thrown in her way? It is beyond measure difficult to distinguish in the superficial talk of foreigners, that which is accommodated to persons, time, and place, and that which expresses their real opinions, and will be followed up in action. If we may judge from the higher class of Italian newspapers, the way in which France is regarded is different from that which was exhibited in conversation to Mr. Arthur. Italy cannot at present act or feel independently of France, and the same men who spoke to the English traveller as if England were the surest support of Italy, would, with perfect honesty, and with an undoubted persuasion of their own consistency, echo the opinion of the newspaper that laid down as a guiding principle in politics, that the real practical security against the intervention of Austria lay in the supposed determination of France to repel intervention by force of arms.

Mr. Arthur has also a few curious facts to communicate as to the Papal Government. He quotes many documents and narrates many stories to show the cruelty and perfidy of the Pope's rule, but this is only going over old ground. If evidence can prove anything in the world, ample evidence has proved that a greater outrage on the first principles of morality, a more blighting, weak, wicked, dishonest, and inhuman mockery of Government never disgraced the earth than that sovereignty to maintain which the leader of its mercenaries has issued an order to plunder every town that revolts. It is much newer to find documents showing how the Austrians, while in possession of the Legations, behaved to the Power they had come to protect. They could scarcely have been outdone by a band of revolutionary heretics in the contempt they manifested for the Pope and his deputies. They would not tolerate the slightest attempt of the ecclesiastical Government to exercise an independent authority. The Austrian commandant assumed the title of Civil and Military Governor; and, when an ecclesiastical correspondent ventured to ignore this title, he received a sharp rebuke, and was obliged to acknowledge that an Austrian layman could make himself Civil Governor of a part of the Pope's territory without troubling himself to get permission from any one. An officer in the Pontifical army was arrested and imprisoned by the Austrians, but no explanations were ever vouchsafed to the clerical authorities, who contented themselves with writing letters to each other wondering what could be the matter. The Austrians laughed openly at the holy men they so kindly protected. The farmers of Imola, for example, having had their arms taken away, were robbed with impunity by brigands. The cardinal having the ecclesiastical charge of the district complained, on which the Austrian general replied that the responsibility rested with the clergy, who, by their utter neglect of the moral and religious welfare of the people, had encouraged vice and crime to flourish. The exemption of such great people as Austrian soldiers from all petty religious restrictions was also asserted with the utmost calmness. In Lent, all theatres are closed throughout the Pontifical States as a matter of course. This was all very well for the poor devils of Romans, but Austrians require amusement, and the general ordered the theatre of Bologna to be kept open, and he was obeyed, in spite of the feeble opposition of the Papal Government. He even went a step further. He made the ecclesiastical authorities pay for medical attendance on the prostitutes visited by the soldiery. The ecclesiastics, it must be acknowledged, kicked hard at this; but he insisted, and they gave in. Before all things it was necessary that the temporal power of the Vicar of Christ should be maintained, and for ten years it was maintained in this way and at this price.

Politics, however, occupy a subordinate place in Mr. Arthur's volume. He is a Protestant, a Protestant of a kind that makes itself felt when he tells us that he sometimes could hardly believe but that he was at home again at Notting-hill, with a volume of unfulfilled prophecy before him. He was instant in season and out of season. In every diligence, railway, square, street, room, and corner, he explained to all who listened to him, that Rome was a delusion, and that Protestantism was the only true and pure faith. He now repeats in his book, and sets out in full,

* *Italy in Transition*. By William Arthur, A.M. London: Hamilton, Adams, and Co. 1860.

all his arguments and assertions. Why he does this is not evident. It can do English readers no good to have repetitions of the ordinary English doctrine; and we should adopt the natural supposition that Mr. Arthur was writing to please some religious society or clique, and to show that he had done properly all that could be expected of him, were it not that his tone in many matters is considerably superior to that of the common preacher living by his Protestantism. He seems to have constantly avowed his belief that many priests were, as individuals, excellent people; and he has at least gained all the width of mind that is to be gained by travelling; for he has been to more places than most men; and he cannot see a peak of the Alps or Appennines without telling us that it is like or unlike some part of the Holy Land, or India, or the United States. Hardly a better notion of the writer could be given in a few words, than by saying that he has travelled widely, and lugs in references to his travels on every possible occasion. An inferior man would probably not have seen so much. A superior man would not have been so anxious to let others know how much he had seen. Mr. Arthur is by no means a superior man, but he is above the usual run of Protestant enthusiasts; and therefore, if we could but find out how he was received in Italy, it would throw some light on the state of religious opinion there. It is only justice to him to observe, that he is not inclined to overrate the effect he personally produced or the probability of a speedy religious change. He sees that the leaders of opinion are determined to keep the religious question quiet until the political one is settled; and in Italy popular enthusiasm is not likely to outstrip the slow pace at which the leaders of opinion are willing to advance.

But it is almost entirely guesswork if we speculate on the impression which, taking his facts as accurate, he produced on his hearers. He says he was always received with respectful attention, and with a curiosity more or less pronounced to hear what he had to say. He was attacking the priests in his way, and the hearers were all attacking, or ready to attack, the priests in their way, and so, up to a certain point, all went very smooth. He was also an Englishman, and the Italians naturally try to make things pleasant for the English. But, even with inferior advantages, he would be likely to be heard with respectful attention. Any one who insists on expounding his views of religion to strangers can command a decorous silence in decent society. Supposing an Italian Cardinal were travelling in England, and, having a competent mastery of the English tongue, were suddenly to begin haranguing the occupants of a railway waiting-room on the difficulties and weaknesses of Protestantism, he would, in all probability, be heard with respectful attention and with curiosity. His auditors would think it odd and interesting, but except as a special accident, quite out of the practical beat of their lives. If any one answered him, this might indicate a more abiding interest in the topics touched on, but he would hardly get really any further, for theological disputants never convince each other. We are therefore reduced, when we read of such argumentative discourses as those retailed by Mr. Arthur, to judge of their probable effect, not by the goodness of the arguments, or by the demeanour of the audience, but by what we know of the country where the speeches are made, and by the conception of the speaker's character we have otherwise acquired. In most Catholic countries a Protestant who talked like Mr. Arthur would do no more good than the supposed Papist in the waiting-room. Is Northern Italy an exception, and is Mr. Arthur the sort of man to take advantage of the exceptional position of a Catholic country?

We are inclined to answer both questions in the affirmative. If the boundaries that for three centuries have divided the Protestants and Catholics of Europe are to be anywhere altered, Italy is the most probable seat of change. Political impulses will tend to separate free Italy from Catholicism, and political impulses never exercised a stronger control over men than now. There is also much in the better type of the Italian character which we can fancy allying itself with such a phase of Protestantism as prevails in the upper classes of England. The influence of the higher minds in Italy over their countrymen is also great enough to make it possible that, if political expediency seems to justify it, a large part of the population will, nominally at least, make some advance towards Protestantism. Perhaps the number of those who, independently of political motives and from private conviction, will embrace a reformed religion will not be very large, for the Italians are too bad Catholics to make good Protestants all at once. But as a change of belief will come invested with the halo of political liberalism, many minds will be ready to investigate the perfectly new ground of theological argument, and will be disposed to view Protestant reasoning in its most favourable light. To such persons, teachers of the stamp of Mr. Arthur may be exactly suited. Coarser fanatics would be distasteful, while men of greater and more fastidious refinement would lack the earnestness and directness with which Mr. Arthur thrusts his view of religious truth on the attention of his hearers. We may also add that truth is at least so far likely to prevail, that when there is a good opening for her, the chances will be slightly in her favour; and as we have the most perfect confidence that, as contrasted with Romanism, the Protestantism of Mr. Arthur is true, we are inclined to hope that it will prevail in Italy simply because it is true. This book of Mr. Arthur's is therefore well worth considering, for it is an exposition of the sort of religious teaching that is most likely to be effective in the Catholic country

most likely to break with Catholicism. Those Italians who could read such a book, and who were really ignorant of the elements of theology, would find the Protestant view forcibly and earnestly stated; and those whose knowledge was more advanced, and who were principally attracted by the political aspect of Protestantism, might also accept a teacher like Mr. Arthur. They might reasonably look on him as a fair type of what Protestantism can produce. They might wish that such should be the ordinary minister of religion in their own country. It is foolish to expect too much; but they might welcome the thought of having religious teachers exhibiting a practicable and obtainable average of excellence, who, if they obtruded their travels, yet had travelled—who, if they turned every conversation into the channel of their own thoughts, had a real love of political liberty, some cultivation, and an anxious desire to do their duty—and who, if incapable of entering into systems of thought different from their own, stuck fast by pure morality and by the rules of justice and honour.

SHARPE'S HISTORY OF EGYPT.*

WE are glad to see that this useful book has reached a fourth edition. Mr. Sharpe has the great merit of having written almost the only book about ancient Egypt which people who are not professed "Egyptologists" can understand. A plain man who wishes, with the help of Baron Bunsen, to find out what was "Egypt's place in Universal History," will probably retire with a profound reverence for the vast and varied learning of the Baron, but with very small knowledge of his own about Egypt and its place in history. The Pharaonic part of Mr. Sharpe's history is so plain and straightforward, that the reader not skilled in dynasties and hieroglyphics is tempted to accept it at once in preference to more difficult and pretentious speculations. And Mr. Sharpe has also had the good sense to make his history neither wholly nor even principally Pharaonic. There is doubtless a sort of fascination about the primalval Egypt, its wonderful buildings, and its vast antiquity; but it is a theme for the curious speculator rather than for the practical historian. That real practical history of man which is still going on begins with old Greece, and is carried on through Macedonia, Rome, and mediæval Europe down to our own times. In that history, Egypt, as a country, holds by no means an inconsiderable place; and even the old Egyptian race, conquered as it was, is far from being without its importance. Egypt under the Ptolemies was not, indeed, the greatest in extent, but it was the most compact, well-governed, and really powerful of the Macedonian kingdoms. Its founder was the best ruler of his time. He was not perhaps really more scrupulous than his fellows, but he had the combined good sense and good fortune to aim at an object which could be obtained with comparatively little crime or danger. While the other Macedonian chiefs turned the world upside down in vain attempts to grasp the whole of Alexander's empire, Ptolemy had the wisdom and moderation to confine his aim to securing a single portion of it which it was possible to keep and to govern. A large share of his personal virtues was handed on to at least two generations of his descendants, and traces of them re-appear at intervals later still. His wise system of government it took a yet longer time wholly to destroy. Under the Ptolemies, Alexandria was the greatest of Greek cities. Greek political freedom and original Greek genius were indeed no more; but of science, philosophy, and the learned literature of the age, the Kings of Egypt were the most munificent of patrons. To the native Egyptians, whose religion and customs were studiously respected, the rule of Ptolemy must have felt as the advent of a liberator, after the bigoted tyranny of Persia. Under the early Roman Empire, down to the founding of Constantinople, Alexandria retained its place as the head-quarters of Greek literature and philosophy. It was the seat of the subtlest lore both of heathens and Christians. The foundation of Constantinople gradually gave the Greek intellect another centre. When the Imperial throne was fixed in a Greek city, that city naturally became the chief dwelling-place of Greek literature and philosophy. The result was, that Alexandria, hitherto a Greek colony in Egypt, became to a certain degree an Egyptian city. The Roman Government was profoundly odious to the native Egyptians, but, as was natural in that age, the form which their discontent took was a religious one. They therefore did not become rebels, but heretics—at least, they only became rebels when they found themselves persecuted as heretics. The native Church of Egypt became Monophysite, in declared opposition to the orthodoxy of both Old and New Rome. The religious state of Egypt down to the Saracen conquest was something like that of Ireland. The Egyptian people were Monophysites, but the Orthodox Church—the Church only of Roman officials and of the remnant of the Macedonian settlers—was politically dominant. The Orthodox were, and we believe still are, known as Melchites—Men of the Emperor. The natural consequence was, that, when the Saracens came, Egypt was lost in a moment. Asia was not conquered at all till Turkish times—Africa resisted for sixty years. This was clearly because Asia had become Greek, and Africa Latin; their inhabitants were loyal Romans and orthodox Christians; but the Egyptian was still an Egyptian, and clung to

* *The History of Egypt from the Earliest Times till the Conquest by the Arabs.* By Samuel Sharpe, 2 vols. London: Moxon and Co. 1859.

his heresy as the badge of his nationality. To him the Cæsar appeared more odious than the Caliph, and the invading Saracen was welcomed with open arms.

Now, without any wish to depreciate the interest and importance of speculations into earlier Egyptian antiquities, it does seem to us that this later Egyptian history, from Alexander to Heraclius, is that which has the most real value for the general historical student, and that which gives Egypt its truest "place in Universal History." The history of Ptolemaic and Roman Egypt forms an important chapter in the history of Greek intellect and of Christian theology. As such, we cannot help thinking that its general importance is really higher than that of the old Pharaonic Egypt. At all events, its importance is more strictly historical—the interest of the elder Egypt is rather antiquarian or philological. Now, as far as we know, Mr. Sharpe's is the only English book in which the student can find a complete consecutive history of Egypt under the Ptolemies and Cæsars. And, without placing Mr. Sharpe in the first rank of historians, we thank him heartily for filling a manifest void, and carrying out a good design in a useful, straightforward, and sensible way. There is nothing brilliant about him—indeed, his style is rather bald and meagre; but he tells his story plainly, simply, and unaffectedly, which in these days is a very great point. We now and then have fancied we saw signs that Mr. Sharpe is not a first-rate classical scholar, but there are no errors of any great consequence, and he is quite able to use Greek books for historical purposes. We suspect that the historian is himself hardly more orthodox than the Egyptians of whom he writes, but he is perfectly fair and candid in recording theological disputes. And a strange story indeed the theological disputes of Egypt are. The "religious dimensions" of St. George's in the East are a trifle to those of Alexandria. As headed by churchmen, and winked at by Patriarchs, they were perhaps more akin to the "Church and King riots" of a past generation; though one may doubt whether, if the Birmingham mob had caught Dr. Priestley, he would have suffered quite so terrible a fate as that of Hypatia. Of the latter personage it is curious to read Mr. Sharpe's bald statement of facts after the high-flown romance of Mr. Kingsley. Where are the deep-laid plots of Orestes? where is the contemplated empire of Paganism? where is Pelagia and her elephant? Where, too, are those Goths of the fifth century, so unaccountably forestalling the likeness of Scandinavians of the ninth and tenth? Alas! Mr. Sharpe seems utterly unconscious of anything of the kind. To be sure, Orestes is mobbed and Hypatia is murdered, and all due horror is expressed at the crime; but that Orestes and Hypatia had any thought of reigning together under the auspices of Pallas Athene is the special revelation of Mr. Kingsley, and has not come within the narrower range of vision allowed to Mr. Sharpe.

The present edition is a good deal enlarged from the third, with which we are most familiar. In its present form, the book has become handsome as well as useful, being enriched with many illustrations, representing buildings, hieroglyphics, and other Egyptian remains. We do not see much difference in the text, save that here and there a mistake that we had noted is corrected. Throughout, as is especially necessary in a work on Egypt, Mr. Sharpe pays all due attention to the artistic and literary side of his subject, as well as to the narrative of political and military facts. For, of course, it is to the peculiar intellectual life of Egypt, both native and Greek, heathen and Christian, that Egyptian history owes its whole importance. Egypt never had any political life; and the mere succession of the Pharaohs, or even of the Ptolemies, would by itself be hardly more instructive than that of the Mameluke Sultans.

Altogether, Mr. Sharpe has produced a really good and very useful book. Like King Ptolemy himself, he has set before him a definite and moderate object, and has carried it out in a discreet and rational manner.

THE WARS OF THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY.

Second Notice.

NOTWITHSTANDING the defeat of Ramillies and the loss of the fortresses of the Spanish Netherlands, the French managed, in the spring of 1707, to get together so strong an army that Marlborough was unwilling to attack it unless he could find an opportunity more favourable than any that presented itself. Thus the campaign closed without a battle. Next year, the French surprised Ghent and Bruges and threatened Brussels, while they designed to seize the position of Lessines on the Dender, and then to lay siege to Oudenarde on the Scheldt. To prevent this, Marlborough and Prince Eugene, who had lately joined him, crossed the Dender and took post at Lessines, thus placing themselves between the French army and its frontier. Thereupon the French marched to Gavre, on the Scheldt, and prepared to cross that river. The allies marched parallel to them to Oudenarde, still keeping between the French and France. Marlborough knew that an army under a divided command, and crossing a river, loses much of its order and discipline, and he pushed forward to profit by the opportunity. On the 11th July, 1708, the allies began to cross the Scheldt a little below Oudenarde. Two leagues lower, the French were also crossing the river at Gavre, not dreaming that the allies were near them. Marshal Vendôme received the news of their appearance when at table, and at first refused to believe that they had crossed

the Scheldt. But when he saw how matters stood, he would have made dispositions to avert disaster from the French army, but for the hesitation of the Duke of Burgundy, to whom he acted as adviser. It was now three o'clock in the afternoon, and neither army was in position. The allies had marched fifteen miles, and had been in motion since two in the morning; yet the Duke and the Prince were both eager to engage. When the two armies had crossed the river and were ranged in order of battle, nearly at right angles to its course, the Allies had France and the French had the Dutch provinces in their rear. In fact, the allied generals turned face-about to fight this battle, and they do not seem to have troubled themselves in the least about keeping a base of operations. The cause of their success is to be found in the division of the French councils, and in the insubordination which resulted from the want of a single leader possessing full authority and commanding the confidence of his troops. It was Marlborough's peculiar talent which enabled him to discern and seize the opportunity thus offered to him, while he treated Prince Eugene with the utmost apparent deference to his opinions; by which means their joint operations on this occasion, as almost always throughout the war, were rendered perfectly harmonious, energetic, and successful.

It seems that in the battle the French obeyed the impulse of their own courage rather than any orders they received. The Duke of Burgundy had not the capacity, nor Marshal Vendôme the authority, to make suitable arrangements. As the Allies crossed the Scheldt, and got into position opposite the French beyond it, they were led vigorously to attack them. The British troops seem to have formed the advance of the allied army, and to have borne the brunt of the earliest and hardest fighting. The French had forced them back; but at six o'clock a second column of allied infantry came up, and the French in turn gave ground. Amid a confusion of fierce struggles, Marlborough perceived an opening for a decisive movement. He saw that the enemy's right might be turned and cut off from the main body by a flank march. He requested the veteran Marshal Overkirk, who had just come into position, to occupy the commanding ground left vacant by the French with twenty battalions of Dutch and Danes. That officer, unmindful of the fatigue of his long march, executed the order with alacrity. He seized the high ground, and descended from it into the French rear. Their right wing was thus broken, and the personal efforts of Vendôme, who dismounted and led a body of infantry to its relief, proved unavailing. Happily for the French, darkness now enveloped the contending hosts. Prince Eugene on the right, as well as the Duke and Overkirk on the left, were now closing round their flanks. Vendôme perceived that the day was lost, and consented to a retreat. "The word was no sooner given than generals, officers, and privates, horse and foot, hurried off the field in the utmost disorder. With difficulty Marshal Vendôme, calling to officers by name, and conjuring them to maintain the honour of their country, collected together some twenty-five squadrons and battalions, and with these he covered the flight of the crowd in person." He reached Ghent in safety, and the French commanders met at an inn to deliberate on what was to be done. Vendôme proposed to renew the action on the morrow, but it was reported from all quarters that the army was destroyed. "Well, then," said Vendôme, "we must retreat;" and thereupon he left the Council and went to bed for thirty hours, without making the slightest arrangement to collect his dispersed army. On the field of battle the Allies waited impatiently for the dawn. In the darkness some of their parties from the right met other parties from the left in the French rear, and exchanged volleys. The loss of the French in this battle was enormous, but many fugitives subsequently returned to their colours. From the rapidity of the march artillery could scarcely have been got up on either side, and it does not appear that any was captured. The Duke of Berwick was advancing to join Vendôme with a reinforcement when he heard of his defeat. He collected the remains of the broken army, and with his own corps the whole amounted to nearly 100,000 men. The Allies were between them and Paris, but it was rightly judged that Marlborough and Eugene would not venture to advance into France, leaving such an army in their rear. Those generals now began the celebrated siege of Lille, the strongest town in Flanders.

The garrison of Lille was commanded by Marshal Boufflers, while Marshals Vendôme and Berwick were in the field with an army as numerous as that which now on the 13th of August sat down before the place. As all communication with Antwerp was cut off by the French army, the Allies had to bring their convoys from Ostend along a narrow causeway exposed to perpetual attacks. Major-General Webb, detached to escort one of these convoys, fought the action at Wynendale, which is called by our author "the most honourable exploit performed during the whole war." The loss of this convoy must have caused the raising of the siege. On the 14th of October the town of Lille capitulated, and Boufflers retired into the citadel. Vendôme now proposed to attack the Allies, but Berwick differed from him. To avoid the evil of divided councils the King of France recalled Berwick. But Vendôme could effect nothing to relieve the place. The citadel capitulated on the 10th of December, "after a most unusual provision conceded to the high respect and admiration for the French marshal (Boufflers)—that the terms should first be sent to the Duke of Burgundy for his approbation." These glimpses of the military manners of the time are a pleasant feature in Sir Edward Cust's

volumes. Marlborough had thus defeated one of the best marshals of France in a pitched battle, and had captured in his sight and in defiance of him the great masterpiece of Vauban. He closed the campaign at the end of the year by retaking Ghent and Bruges, which the French had gained possession of in the spring.

Next year Marshal Villars was entrusted with the defence of France against Marlborough. Perhaps, however, its best security lay in the timidity of the States-General, ever ready to decline their part in any enterprise of unusual hazard. The campaign began with the siege of Tournay, one of the strongest places in the Netherlands. The town was forced to surrender, and "such were the courtesies of the time, that the next day M. de Surville, the governor, was entertained at dinner by Prince Eugene, and in the afternoon he and the garrison retired to the citadel." This also was taken after an obstinate defence, and the allies next invested Mons. Marshal Villars entrenched himself strongly near that place, and awaited the attack which Marlborough, urged probably by the ardent spirit of Eugene, resolved to make upon him. The battle of Malplaquet was fought on the 11th of September, 1709. Marshal Boufflers had come into the French camp to serve under his friend Marshal Villars. In the camp of the Allies were Saxe, Schwerin, and Munich, all subsequently marshals, and leaders of armies. The battle was more a struggle of brute force than a trial of military skill. Yet Marlborough displayed conspicuously one of his great qualities—the firmness of resolution with which he could await the proper moment for carrying out his plans. The left of the Allies had been repulsed in several attacks with terrible slaughter and confusion. The French were advancing to improve their success into a victory. A Dutch officer sought Marlborough, with an urgent demand for reinforcements, and even persuaded the commander of a body of reserve troops to move them, without orders, to support the failing left. But Marlborough ordered those troops back. Next, Prince Eugene came up to represent the state of the right wing, which, after gaining some success, was about to be assailed by the enemy with increased numbers. But to the request for aid on this side also Marlborough made nearly the same answer. In order thus to threaten the right of the allies, Marshal Villars had withdrawn troops from his centre, and so offered the opportunity for which Marlborough had waited calmly throughout the vicissitudes of this sanguinary day. As soon as the enemy were seen to draw their men out of the entrenchments in the centre, the Duke ordered forward the troops which he had kept inactive for this very purpose. His infantry carried the redans, and then a torrent of cavalry swept past them, into the very centre of the French lines. The crisis of the battle had now arrived. Marshal Villars had been wounded and carried off the field, and the command of the French army devolved on Marshal Boufflers. He beheld his centre pierced, his right dislodged, and all communication with his left cut off, and he reluctantly ordered a general retreat. He carried the French army out of this bloody field with great skill and success. The allies halted on the plain on which the French had stood. Few guns or colours were taken, and the victors had 18,250 men killed and wounded. The Duke of Berwick was recalled from Italy to assist Marshal Boufflers, but he could do nothing to relieve Mons, which surrendered on the 20th of October.

Before the campaign of 1710 opened, the Whig party had been driven from the councils of the Queen of England. Douay was taken after an obstinate siege, and little else was done this year. It was observed that Marlborough was not the man he had been. His confidence in himself and his cheerfulness had abandoned him, and he appeared rather to have his thoughts on the affairs of home, where his enemies were now in power, than on his campaign in France. Marshal Villars acted in this campaign with consummate judgment and ability, and he had a numerous and well appointed army; for the distress that prevailed in France sent thousands to serve in the ranks to save themselves from hunger. In the spring of 1711 the Emperor Joseph died, and Prince Eugene was called to Germany, with the principal part of his forces, to secure the election of the Archduke Charles to the empire. Many of Marlborough's best regiments were withdrawn from him to repair the disasters of the last campaign in Spain, where a British force under General Stanhope had surrendered to Marshal Vendôme. Yet under these disadvantages, he performed one of the most admired of his exploits by forcing the strong lines of Bouchain, which Marshal Villars had too confidently called Marlborough's *ne plus ultra*. The design was so well laid and so happily executed, that it passed for a masterpiece of military skill. By a few not very complicated movements he imposed upon the French Marshal, and at last drew him from his strong lines, and himself entered them without fighting. Villars hurried back too late to oppose the seizure of the position, and narrowly escaped capture. He could now no longer prevent the siege of Bouchain, in which Marlborough exerted himself to the utmost of his vigilance and capacity. Villars made every effort to interrupt his proceedings, but in vain. The activity, skill, and perseverance of Marlborough and the valour of his troops were never more conspicuously displayed. He took Bouchain, and this was his last conquest, for the campaign closed shortly after; and he who had never fought a battle that he did not gain, nor sat down before a place that he did not take, quitted his victorious army, not again to return to it. In the year 1712 the British troops

were commanded by the Duke of Ormond, while Prince Eugene was generalissimo of the Allies. In pursuance of the understanding which led to the peace with France, Ormond was instructed to take no part in any offensive movement, and afterwards to separate from the allied army and march his troops peacefully to Dunkirk. As he was refused admission to the very towns which Marlborough had taken, Marshal Villars considerably offered him a road through France. Prince Eugene, weakened by this defection, was defeated by Marshal Villars at Denain. In this inglorious way ended the invasion which had long kept Paris in alarm.

The Duke of Marlborough died in 1721, having lived for the last six years of his life in a state little removed from dotage. He was born in 1650, and was fifty-four years of age when he gained the first of his four famous victories. It is remarkable that in his whole career he never once suffered himself to be forced to act on the defensive in any great action. In his management of the Dutch Deputies, of Prince Eugene, and of the German potentates, he showed wonderful self-possession, tact, and knowledge of mankind. In war he was, as Sir Edward Cust truly says, a first-rate workman. "He finished off his work with a neatness and precision never seen in any other general's campaigns. He bungled nothing. He never attempted what he could not perform, and he always performed all that he attempted." From the moment that he took the command of his army in 1702, the superiority of military genius was manifestly on the side of the Allies. To appreciate the grandeur of his services, we must look back to the preceding war, when King William III. contended on the same ground valiantly, but not fortunately, with Luxemburg. And in 1711, he ended triumphantly as he began, proving himself still the greatest captain of his age. The words of a well-known French air, *Marlborough s'en va à la guerre* attest to this day the widespread celebrity of a name which was feared or worshipped everywhere out of his own party-ridden country. After the lapse of 150 years, Englishmen can unite in doing honour to the memory of one whose splendid exploits have always commanded the admiration of the most eminent Continental soldiers, and especially of the first Napoleon. The character of Marlborough has been hardly dealt with by Lord Macaulay, and we had hoped to see justice rendered by that unrivalled pen when it came to write of Blenheim and Bouchain, as it wrote of Landen and Namur. Mr. Thackeray, too, has laid on Marlborough a heavy load of censure, but he could not speak of Blenheim without warming into eloquent applause of such a victory and such a general. We quote from memory the conclusion of the most brilliant page of *Esmond*:—"As he rode along the lines to battle, or galloped up in the nick of time to a battalion reeling before the enemy's charge or shot, the fainting men and officers got new courage as they saw the splendid calm of his face, and felt that his will made them irresistible." We will add to this involuntary praise the hearty, and as we believe just, encomium which is quoted by Sir Edward Cust from Professor Smyth's *Lectures*:—

He had the praise of Hannibal to command an army of many nations. He had the praise of Caesar to lose no battle, nor fail in any siege. He was no desperate knight-errant, like Charles XII. or Peterborough. The great praise of Marlborough is, that his glory was reached step by step, by no sudden indulgence of fortune, by no single effort of military skill and valour. The careers of other generals have been ever marked by varieties of chance, by change of light and shade, by success and defeat. But this great man was always right. Enterprise succeeded after enterprise, campaign after campaign, still the result was always the same—progressive fame, increasing victories, endless triumphs.

By the help of Sir Edward Cust's little book this glowing eulogy may be read, as it deserves to be, by every officer of that army which owes so much of its European fame to Marlborough.

KETT'S REBELLION IN NORFOLK.*

IN the Norwich volume of Proceedings of the Archaeological Institute is a short paper "On the Part taken by Norfolk and Suffolk in the Reformation," which bears no less a name than that of the present Professor of Ecclesiastical History at Oxford. That was in the days when Mr. Kemble was alive, and when Professor Willis had not become dumb, so that the appearance at an Archaeological meeting of a man who did not send his audience to sleep was less rare than it is now that Dr. Guest seems to stand alone as a relic of the old generation. Dr. Stanley will probably not be offended if we say that that paper is not one of his very best productions. It is plain that it was written hastily for the meeting at which it was read. The main subject is rather hurried over, and is almost smothered by a disproportionate preface. Still, the chief points in the history of East Anglia are put forth with a clearness which makes us regret that Dr. Stanley did not give himself more time and space to work them out in their fullness. Among the points there touched upon is Kett's rebellion in 1549. Dr. Stanley points out the error of Dr. Lingard in classing this East-Anglian rising with the risings in the West on behalf of the old religion. He shows that the rebellion was, if not a strictly Protestant movement, at any rate not a Catholic one—that it took its origin in the purely temporal grievance of enclosures, and in a general dislike

* *Kett's Rebellion in Norfolk: being a History of the Great Civil Commotion that occurred at the Time of the Reformation, in the Reign of Edward VI., &c. &c.* By the Rev. F. W. Russell, M.A. London: Longmans, and William Penny.

to the nobles and gentry. He shows, also, that this dislike to the nobles, especially the new nobles, and above all to Northumberland for putting down Kett, mainly led to the decided part taken by East-Anglia in setting Mary on the throne, and thus explains the apparent contradiction of the most Protestant part of England taking what afterwards proved to be the most important of all steps in the Catholic interest.

All this Dr. Stanley has shown in a page or two of an evidently hasty sketch. And we cannot find that Mr. Russell has shown us anything more in his quarto volume of two hundred pages. He has really taken too much pains with his subject, and has crushed it beneath a needless mass of research. In his preface he takes us into confidence, "confessing," "having no hesitation," and the like, with regard to the whole history of the composition of his book. The "nonumque prematur in annum" has been literally obeyed. Mr. Russell's book has taken him nine years to write, besides an indefinite number of earlier years spent in musing upon the subject. We wonder how many hours Dr. Stanley's paper took him. And yet, if we are to confess in our turn, when we had gone through Mr. Russell's narrative as well as we could, we turned back to Dr. Stanley to get some clear notion of what Kett's rebellion was really about. The book is an instance of the way in which a very useful and, in their own line, praiseworthy class of men entirely mistake their own powers. Mr. Russell is evidently born to be one of the Nethinim of literature; he might serve as a most useful Gibeonite under the command of Dr. Stanley. He evidently shrinks from no amount of work in examining and transcribing ancient records. He would probably have been quite capable of making a good edition of the nearly contemporary narrative of Neville, which he so often quotes, and of adding a great deal of important illustrative matter from other sources. Such a book would have had its own definite value among the sources of history. But Mr. Russell is quite incapable of himself composing an historical narrative. His text consists of a strange jumble of original narrative, long extracts from contemporary writers, and equally long extracts from various records, accounts, &c., all strangely mixed up together. We had far rather have had Neville and Sotherton in their integrity, with such collateral documents, such an introduction and notes, as Mr. Russell might think needful, than this wonderful mixture of Neville, Sotherton, Russell, and what not, in the text itself. We have not seen the original work of Neville, but we have no doubt, from the specimens, that it would be well worth reading through. We can see, also, that Mr. Russell has gathered together from other sources a great deal of matter which is really valuable, if he only knew what to do with it. We have no doubt, moreover, that when Mr. Froude gets to this part of his subject, he will tell the story of Kett in a very graphic and pleasing manner, however strange and unfounded may be the commentaries and inferences which he may build upon it. We suspect that Mr. Russell's views of the politics of the age are really sounder than those of Mr. Froude. We shall rather enjoy seeing Mr. Froude's perplexity in having to account for Englishmen ungratefully rebelling, on account of purely civil grievances, against the benign government of a Tudor monarch. But, after all, Mr. Froude can tell a story, and Mr. Russell cannot, and that makes a wonderful difference when one has to try and read a book.

But, though Mr. Russell has utterly spoiled the form of his book, many of the documents which he quotes are most curious and important, and worthy of attentive study. The list of grievances put forth by the rebels is a document of the highest moment, and shows how utterly Mr. Froude has gone astray in placing in Tudor England that Utopian age which always has been some time, but never is now—

When the rich man helped the poor,
And the poor man loved the great;
When lands were fairly portioned,
When spoils were fairly sold.

One item especially we must quote, both for its own sake and because of Mr. Russell's passing strange comment. The rebels say—we venture to modernize the spelling, for there is really no philological gain in writing "fre" for "free," the modern spelling, as generally happens, being nearer to the Anglo-Saxon—"We pray that all bondmen may be made free; for God made all free with His precious blood-shedding." This article shows, among other things, that, in the reign of Edward VI., villenage was still common enough to be felt as a practical grievance. By James I.'s time the whole class of villeins seems to have been enfranchised, but the legal status has never been abolished to this day. But Mr. Russell's comment is—

The existence of this article enables us to account for much that otherwise would be inexplicable. Taking this as the foundation on which they rested their hopes and claims, we are not surprised at finding indications of deeper seriousness and of a higher tone of feeling than usually accompany popular outbreaks: thus, their proceedings were conducted with a certain measure of order and sobriety; justice was duly administered amongst them, beneath the wide spreading branches of their Oak of Reformation; the new liturgy, morning and evening, was read amongst them by a regularly appointed chaplain; ministers of the gospel were allowed to address them, and with boldness to rebuke their faults, which plainly showed they were not a lawless rabble; and but few acts of personal violence are recorded. But the time had not yet come for "bonde men" to obtain their freedom; years, many years, of fierce contention and of deadly strife would have to pass away, and many a hard-fought field be won, before this precious boon would be secured to all. The blow thus aimed at the feudal system at present was of no avail; but, after the great Puritan struggle, one of the earliest acts of Charles II. was to abolish the iniquities and oppressions which had, in the course of time, been

grafted upon it: "the court of wards and liveries, and all wardships, &c., are totally taken away; as are also all fines for alienation, tenures by homage, &c., and aids for marrying the daughter, or knighting the son; and that all sorts of tenures be turned into free and common socage, save only tenures in frankalmoin, copyholds, and the honorary services (without the slavish part) of grand serjeanty." (12 Car. II. c. 24.)

We have read this over with utter amazement. What has the grievance of villenage to do with the feudal tenures? Does Mr. Russell really believe that the people who suffered from "wardships, liveries, aids for marrying the daughter," &c., were all of them "bondmen?" If so, it is the most speaking comment we ever came across upon the danger of the mere local and partial study of history.

If historical learning suffers just now from the intrusion of flippant ignorance on the one hand, it suffers also from heavy and ill-digested research on the other. Of course for the dulllest antiquary we feel a certain respect which we do not feel towards the bookmaking tribe. However dull he may be, he gathers together materials which may be used by some one who is not dull. Amrou likened the scholar Abou Musa to a "donkey laden with books which he did not understand;" but if Abou Musa did not understand them, most likely somebody else did. Now, we are very far from likening Mr. Russell to a donkey laden or unladen; he is very far from the worst of his class; his labour is not frivolous, but real and solid, and, what is more, he seems to have some notion of the bearing of his subject as a portion of general English history. We only complain that his matter is awkwardly and confusedly put together—that he does not understand the difference between a consecutive narrative to be read through, and a collection of documents to be referred to. Mr. Russell is evidently a zealous and painstaking antiquary, and, as such, he may yet do historical literature good service; but he has in this book aspired to do the work of the historian in his own person, and in that higher capacity he has certainly failed.

GERMAN LITERATURE.

PROFESSOR UNGER has published two Botanical Lectures,* delivered by him at Vienna last winter. The first is an attempt to bring the botanical lore of the peat-districts with which Austrian botanists are familiar to bear on geological problems. The testimony of the peat is that the flora of Europe at the close of the tertiary period closely resembled that which exists in North America to this day, while it bore little similarity to existing European forms. Assuming from this fact that the two similar floras must have had a communication with each other, he proceeds to show that an actual continuity of land is the only connexion which can adequately account for their relationship. In other words, the Atlantic at the close of the tertiary period was dry land. This theory is confirmed by the fact that a similar flora is found in the peat-bogs of Iceland, the Azores, and Madeira. In corroboration of this view, he quotes, as the true record of a fading tradition, the celebrated passage in the *Timæus*, which has generally been looked upon as an Egyptian fable, or as an effort of Plato's own imagination. The other lecture dwells on the degeneration which is really the result of what we call the improvement of plants by cultivation. Culture brings about a morbid increase in those parts of the reproductive system which suit our digestions; but it destroys the balance of the several parts of a plant's organism, and makes it diseased, instead of healthy. The lectures are written with great clearness and simplicity, and are well worth reading.

The prospects of Democracy are not at present in a very flourishing condition, for the Emperor Napoleon is a personal representative of the benefits of universal suffrage worth tomes of controversy. In Germany, as elsewhere, many veteran enthusiasts have learned wisdom from the experiment which France has performed on herself for the benefit of the world. But there are still a few true-blue fanatics of the old school, whose faith no failure can dishearten, who see nothing ridiculous in the farce of the *Paulskirche* of Frankfort, nothing terrifying in the fate of France. Many of them are in exile, all of them are in obscurity. But now that the reaction has spent its force, and the Absolutists have become almost as odious as the Revolutionists, they are slowly creeping out of their hiding-places. The successes of Garibaldi and Farini encourage them to lift up their heads. Accordingly, a batch of the best-known among them have combined, under Herr Ludwig Walesrode, to publish a manifesto in the form of a collection of Essays.† At first the idea of a distinct programme crossed their minds; but the hopelessness of constructing a formula that should mean anything, and in which they should all agree, seems to have deterred them from this course. It is a melancholy collection—both from the misfortunes through which a misguided patriotism has conducted its authors, and the apparent hopelessness of the problems they sought, and, still seek, to solve. Their policy is still purely negative, and, if they were armed with power, would still be purely destructive. They have nothing distinct to suggest—

* 1. *Die Versunkene Insel Atlantis*. 2. *Die Physiologische Bedeutung der Pflanzencultur*. Zwei Vorträge von Dr. F. Unger. Wien: Braunmüller. London: Williams and Norgate. 1860.

† *Demokratische Studien*. Herausgegeben von Ludwig Walesrode. Hamburg: Meissner. 1860.

they only rail at evils which all the world has heard of, and which all the world would gladly cure if it only knew the way. One of the wisest of them would cling at all hazards to Prussia, as Garibaldi has done to Sardinia; but, as a rule, they content themselves with frothy appeals to the German people, who have only once been stirred up to take the initiative, and on that occasion made no better work of it than to elect a Parliament of Professors, which broke down under the ridicule of its own proceedings. These politicians still seem to lean to the French rather than to the English notion of progress—that is to say, they prefer equality to freedom. They rather complain that England has no general conception of the rights of man. They do not seem to see that it is they, and such as they, that give to ornamental titles a value they would not otherwise possess. Englishmen do not do such trifles the honour of disliking them. It is foreign democrats and foreign aristocrats who are at one in this—that they consider merely decorative titles important enough to be worth a revolutionary struggle. A curious paper from one of the exiles, who is resident in Switzerland, aptly illustrates the strange barbaric vanity which will flare up at the insult of being required to admit a claim of rank, but will bear without murmuring to be stripped of the solid blessings of freedom. The German cantons of Switzerland are fair specimens of the democratic side of the German mind. In spite of their strong republicanism, it is with the greatest difficulty that the Federal Council has enforced upon the cantons of Basle and Zurich such matters as freedom of settlement, freedom of vocation, and freedom of travelling. Even now they interfere in private affairs in a manner, and trust the police with a power, that would throw England into a revolution. In many of the towns the trade-guilds actually regulated the private expenses of their members, and fixed upon the vocations which the children of each member should pursue. In Zurich, not long ago, the municipality informed a young man that he was spending too much, and that they must put him under guardianship. He replied by showing that he was only spending three-quarters of his income, and putting by the remaining quarter. But this did not satisfy their notions of frugality—the young man was put under guardianship. The powers of the police are not less extraordinary. They are in no way limited by ordinary law. In Berne, when the *Tir national* assembled a short time ago for their regular shooting-matches, the police committee ordered all strollers to be flogged without further ceremony; and in Zurich, on a similar occasion, the Social Evils, for the better preservation of morality, were all seized at one fell swoop, and either shut up in prison or turned out of the canton. In Basle, matters have gone still further, for there the police forbid a number of Swiss artisans, who were working in the town, to sleep in the canton, for no other reason than that they were poor; and the poor wretches had to return every night to sleep in the Duchy of Baden. This system of administration, however, is by no means extended to the canton of Geneva. Geneva is the model to which the Continental democrats point with the greatest hope. There, great personal freedom and integrity of administration co-exist with universal suffrage. Whether the same brilliant results will be obtained when M. Fazy's hand ceases to hold the rudder, remains, of course, to be seen. But the German Radical does not look for comfort to that land of promise across the Atlantic to which the more ignorant English agitator so often appeals. Humboldt's severe judgment of the working of the American system has been recently given to the world; and he was no reactionary politician. There is a very remarkable paper in this volume from the pen of Friedrich Kapp, a German Liberal, now resident in New York, upon the execution of John Brown and the terrorism of which he avers it to be the commencement. Political exiles are generally so full of resentment against the treatment they have received in the land of their birth that they are never inclined to be over-harsh to the land of their adoption. His testimony, therefore, may be taken to be as free from party colour as anything can be that comes from the United States. The whole paper is well worth reading. We can only extract a few facts from its close. The author compares at length the despotism of the Southern States with the despotism with which he had been so familiar in Europe:—

Altogether this *attentat* shows a striking similarity and agreement between the state of things in Europe and America. The same causes naturally produce the same results. The inquisition at Rome, the dry guillotine of Cayenne, the floggings of men and women in the South of the United States, or the outrages of the border ruffians of Kansas—all these barbarities are necessary outgrowths from a system which has force for its origin and its base. John Brown reminds us of Orsini, whose *attentat* has clearly had its effect on the history of the whole world. Here, as in France, the improvised deed of a single man has been mighty enough to shake the ruling power to its foundation. Aye, and while there but one despot has received a wholesome and deeply-working impulse and his people remain careless spectators, here in the South of the Union—as Buchanan has owned in his last message—every citizen trembles at the dark future, and anxious mothers, if they only hear a shot, press their babes to their breasts, trembling in terror of a rising of slaves. Conceive that two-and-twenty armed men, of whom five were despised niggers, have thrown the whole South—a region five times the size of Germany—into a paroxysm of terror.

And then he gives the practical results of this panic. Passports and a system of police are already introduced into Virginia, and the whole South is calling for them to keep out malignant correspondents and disguised Abolitionists. And to this demand the Southern newspapers are adding the project of a standing army, to consist of contingents from all the South under one commander. But the results of the panic do not confine them-

selves to mere threats. New tales of the violence with which, in the Southern States, all free opinion is suppressed, are brought in every day. In Norfolk, Virginia, a German had to fly by night to escape lynching for suspicious words dropped in private conversation. In Pulaski, Virginia, a man suspected of Abolitionism was seized by a Vigilance Committee composed of the principal inhabitants, tied up five times and cut down again, and, as he outlived this ordeal, sent out of the State. An Irish workman, for too bold speaking, was flogged, tarred, feathered, and banished. A traveller found in a train in North Carolina with an Abolitionist book was unceremoniously pitched out upon the rails, where of course he broke his neck. Out of a single county in Kentucky, thirty-six citizens were banished and threatened with severe punishments, because their sentiments, though they were slaveholders themselves, were not sufficiently decided. A friend of the author's own, happening to say in Georgia that he thought Brown must have been mad, was told to look sharp after himself, for that light way of speaking of such a crime would not be tolerated. Four States—Louisiana, Arkansas, Missouri, and Mississippi—have given to their free blacks a choice between exile and slavery. Even in the Free States, Abolitionism is not quite safe. A subscription had been opened in the South for kidnapping and hanging D. Giddings, who was living in Ohio. Dr. Howe, a well-known philanthropist, has been compelled to fly from Boston to Canada, in order to escape extradition to Virginia; while Frederick Douglass, under the same peril, has fled to England. Of course the press is under the most rigid censorship in the Southern States. Daily were the accounts of presses destroyed and editors chased out of the country. Some of the States have forbidden the post-offices to transmit any Abolitionist publications; and the Postmaster-General of the Union has informed his subordinates that it is their duty to carry out this law. Brown's execution—the first political execution in the United States—is, in the author's opinion, the opening of a long struggle:—"Noble powers still slumber in this people; the only thing needed is to develop and cultivate them. The cause of freedom is not yet lost where such as Brown are possible." Strange and suggestive words for a Radical to write as his judgment upon the present condition of the once model Republic!

Antiquarian politicians or lawyers will find Dr. Zoepfl's work* on the antiquities of German law a very profitable study. He complains that, though great activity is shown in the present day in giving original records to the world, a similar energy is not displayed in digesting them or selecting from them, so that they shall be accessible to the general legal public who have not time for abstruse investigations. The first volume of the present work, which is intended to supply this want, is devoted to the condition of the nobles under the feudal law. It is a subject of no small practical importance in Germany, especially in Swabia, where this book was composed. Feudal rights have lasted up to so very recent a period, even where they have now disappeared, that many claims are still built upon them on which courts have to decide. A point on which these claims often turn is the validity of the claimant's pretensions to noble blood; and it not unfrequently happens that the so-called nobles turn out to have been merely of knightly extraction. Among other learned dissertations, Dr. Zoepfl labours with much research to bring out the distinction between these two designations, and to show that it was a very substantial and material one. The knights stood towards the nobility in the position of retainers—and often merely hired retainers—selling their swords for a fixed period, and for a fixed recompence. Our English word knight (*Knecht*) has better preserved the originally servile character of the relation than the German equivalent *Ritter*, which must have been borrowed simply from the French. Among the amusing *minutiae* which an antiquary who digs deep enough is sure to turn up along with plenty of drier stuff, is the account of an old punishment called "the double fiddle." It was one of many devices for the extirpation of village scolds—a species of pest which seems everywhere to have taxed the ingenuity of rural jurists. If two goodwives were caught quarrelling, the neighbours took them and inserted their heads into this instrument, which held them in such a position that, while their arms were fastened to their sides, their faces were fixed close against each other. The village then amused itself with watching the grimaces they made at each other in impotent fury. What a useful implement it would be if it could be placed in the hands of the Speaker of the House of Commons!

Garibaldi in Rome,† though it is a second edition, comes out at a moment when it ought to be attractive. It is a diary of the defence of Rome by Garibaldi, written by a man who was serving as major in his army. The account of the vicissitudes of that memorable siege from day to day will be read with interest by the general public, though, naturally, its extreme minuteness will be valuable principally to the professional military man. His account of the last march from Rome to San Marino, when all was lost, and the desperate escape across the mountains under the very eyes of the Austrian garrisons, is as exciting as any romance. It is well and simply told, and deserves to be widely read.

* *Altherthümer des deutschen Reichs und Rechts*. Von Dr. H. Zoepfl. Erster Band. Heidelberg: Winter. London: Williams and Norgate. 1860.

† *Garibaldi in Rom. Tagebuch aus Italien*, 1849. Von G. von Hoffstetter. Zurich: Schulthess. London: Williams and Norgate. 1860.

Humboldt literature is beginning to multiply upon us. The issue of an account of Humboldt's scientific achievements from the pen of Wittwer has commenced. The work has not as yet proceeded far; but it promises to give as complete an idea of the activity of this universal genius as it is practicable in any tolerable space to do. It does not give a biographical account of his performances in chronological succession, but takes in order each department of science on which Humboldt threw any light, and details its history as far as his connexion with it went. The author apologizes for not having given a complete biography of Humboldt in his political and social, as well as in his scientific, character, on the ground that this could not be done without a publication of his letters, to which it was known that Humboldt had a special objection. This throws an additional shadow over the dark misdeeds of Madlle. Ludmilla Assing in this respect.

Another scientific work, though having no direct bearing upon Humboldt, claims a connexion with him by lithographing, like the last, a page of his execrable handwriting at its commencement. But an account of "The Collective Natural Sciences"† has a right, more than any other undertaking, to seek his patronage who did so much to forward them all. Only the first volume of the present issue is as yet published; but, so far as it goes, it wears the appearance of a valuable compendium. It embraces as well the history as an abstract of the actual facts of each science as at present ascertained. It is obvious that a work so encyclopædic in its range must necessarily be somewhat superficial in its treatment. But both the arrangement and the explanations are clear; and clearness is the whole merit of a work which is only a compilation, and lays no claim to originality. In reading most scientific works written by Germans, it is impossible not to feel that they add very needlessly to the difficulties with which the use of mere technical terms surrounds science, by refusing to employ the cosmopolitan scientific terminology which is attained by the use of the dead languages, and which enables the savants of all countries to understand each other. It is almost as absurd as the affectation of not using the current Italian alphabet in writing. To take the simplest instances—it is surely as easy to call certain well-known gases oxygen and nitrogen, as to call them "sour-stuff" (*sauer-stoff*) and "stifle-stuff" (*stick-stoff*). This vernacular pedantry has often the disadvantage of great ambiguity. Nitrogen, for instance, is by no means the only "stifle-stuff" in nature, and accordingly we find that while "stifle-stuff" means nitrogen, "stifle-air" (*stick-luft*) means carbonic acid gas—the two terms being, in truth, indifferently applicable, as far as their meaning goes, to either gas. No English chemist ever dreams of using the mining terms "choke-damp" and "fire-damp," as his usual designation for carbonic acid gas and sulphuretted hydrogen.

Dr. von Bibras† has produced an industrious and very exhaustive work on grain and bread. It comprises a history of the culture of every grain from the earliest times, a botanical description of it, and a chemical analysis of its ingredients, for the purpose of determining its relative capabilities for nutrition. The author had intended to add a chapter on the adulterations to which bread is liable, but he found an insuperable obstacle to this study in the discovery that there is scarcely any adulterated bread to be found in Nuremberg. We wish he could be induced to come and pursue his investigations in London. We think we can promise him that no such obstacle shall impede his scientific ardour here.

We ought not to pass over without notice a new ethnological and philological periodical,§ which has been started at Berlin by Professor Lazarus and Dr. Steinthal, though of course it is impossible to give anything like a summary of the great variety of subjects which are treated with much learning and thoughtfulness in this first volume. Much of the results of the vast research for which Germany is distinguished appears in this apparently ephemeral form, and therefore German periodicals of this kind deserve more attention from scientific readers in this country than they always receive. As far as it has gone, this is an undertaking which deserves support, and will reward study.

* *Alexander von Humboldt. Sein Wissenschaftliches Leben und Wirken.* Von W. C. Wittwer. Leipzig: Weigel. London: Williams and Norgate. 1860.

† *Die Gesammten Naturwissenschaften.* Essen: Bldker. London: Williams and Norgate. 1860.

‡ *Die Getreidearten und das Brod.* Von Freiherrn von Bibras, Dr. med. Nürnberg: Schmid. London: Williams and Norgate. 1860.

§ *Zeitschrift für Völkerpsychologie und Sprach-Wissenschaft.* Herausgegeben von Dr. M. Lazarus, und Dr. Steinthal, Erster Band. Berlin: Dümmler. London: Williams and Norgate. 1860.

NOTICE.

The publication of the "SATURDAY REVIEW" takes place on Saturday mornings, in time for the early trains, and copies may be obtained in the Country, through any News-Agent, on the day of publication.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

ROYAL ENGLISH OPERA HOUSE, Covent Garden.—Under the Management of Miss LOUISA PYNE and Mr. W. HARRISON—will OPEN, for the Fifth Season, MONDAY, OCTOBER 1st.

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Prospectus, with every information, can be obtained on application at the office of the Literary Department.

By Order of the Committee,

F. K. J. SHENTON, Superintendent Literary Department.

Crystal Palace, September, 1860.

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This Institution, recently removed from Kensington Hall, will be RE-OPENED, at the close of the Vacation, on MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 17th. The New Prospectus, containing full particulars as to the Nature and Objects of the College, with Lists of the Lectures, Lessons and Classes, the Fees for Board and Education, &c., may be obtained of the Principal, No. 3, Belsize Park.

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Mathematics—Professor A. SAYDEMAN, M.A.
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History, Jurisprudence, and Political Economy—Professor R. C. CHRISTIE, M.A.
Chemistry (Elementary, Analytical, and Practical)—Professor HENRY E. ROSCOE, B.A., Ph.D., F.R.S.
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